

VOL. 8 NO. 8

JANUARY 10¢



BLUE BOLT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

52 *Exciting!*
PAGES

FEATURING

DICK COLE

RICK RICHARDS AND OTHERS...



ID



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

Look at the bottom of page 3 of the "Dick Cole" story! You see there Question No. 1. But where is the answer? Turn the page over and there it is on the bottom of page 4 of "Dick Cole." Do you notice another change in the position of the A? You're right! The answers are now printed right side up.

Many of your letters have asked us to try this arrangement for the Q's and A's. We always want to try good reader-suggestions, so here you are.

We'll keep the Questions and Answers this way until a majority of you show disapproval. Confidentially, we think you will probably like this new layout better.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

THE READERS WRITE:

RICHARD MAKES BLUE BOLT POPULAR

Dear Editors:

Here's a reply to Raymond Nelson's letter in the September issue. I estimate that he does not read many comic books because he does not recognize the best comic book on sale. I believe he is one of those who thinks too much of himself. Especially when he stated "if you want any information, just write to me." But I'll never say those words because you "live and learn."

I enjoy your comic book very much. "Dick Cole" is the best in BLUE BOLT. Richard, for once, opens the door because Rick Richards helps open the door in BLUE BOLT, the best book on sale.

The only way to make BLUE BOLT better is to make it longer. Keep up the good work.

BLUE BOLT'S friend,
Glenn Norberg
Lake Bronson, Mich.

A READER'S OPINION

Dear Editors:

I have just read your August book. My opinion of it is that it's the best of all the comic books. I noticed one reader criticized "Sergeant Spook." Of course,

a story like that couldn't really happen, but you have to use your imagination. I especially like "Edison Bell." He is so much like the teen-age boys in our city.

Jack Hearne also does a grand job drawing the covers for BLUE BOLT comics. Continue the good work and publish more and more BLUE BOLT comics.

Yours truly,
Mary Thomas
Ensleg, Ala.

A HAPPY READER

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading your September issue of BLUE BOLT. I think your magazine is tops. With me "Dick Cole" rates first and "Edison Bell" second. I am very glad that you substituted "Rick Richards" for "Fearless Fellers." The art is very good in every story except "Krisco and Jasper." I think that the story as well as the art could be improved. I also want to compliment you on your fine covers.

Please keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,
Patricia O'Leary
Holyoke, Mass.

BLUE BOLT IS THE BEST

Dear Editors:

I've read the criticizing letters sent in and published in your swell book. I don't agree at all. BLUE BOLT is the best comic for *real* reading enjoyment. Each story is drawn very well. I especially like "Dick Cole" and "Edison Bell." I've read lots of comics, but your book tops them all.

Sincerely yours,
Edward Daheheimer
St. Louis, Mo.

A DIFFICULT DECISION

Dear Editors:

Having just finished the August issue of BLUE BOLT comics I have made a very close decision. The decision was between "Dick Cole" and "Edison Bell", and "Dick Cole" won because of the life-like originality of the story.

I also favor putting the answers of Q's and A's in the back of the book.

Sincerely,
Lloyd Taylor
Houston, Texas

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

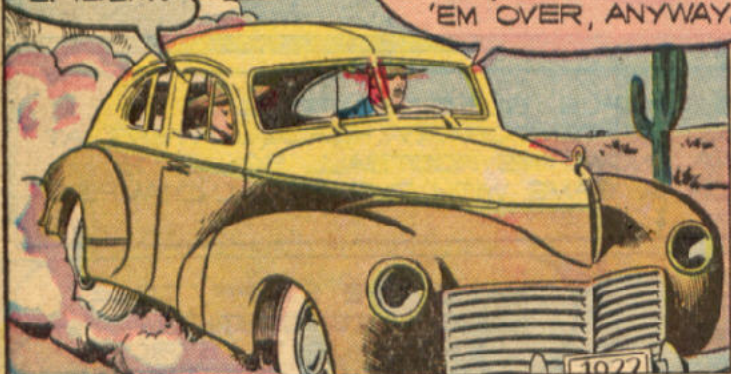
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

"SPIDER" JONES, A WELL-KNOWN GAMBLER, APPROACHES THE BAR-X.

YOU PLACED SOME AWFUL HEAVY BETS AGAINST FARR, SPIDER.

I DON'T SEE WHY THIS DUDE FOOTBALL TEAM WORRIES YOU, STUB, BUT I'LL LOOK 'EM OVER, ANYWAY.

AS I SEE IT, IT'S MONEY IN THE BANK! SAGEBRUSH WILL RUN WILD AGAINST THOSE TIN SOLDIERS, AND I'LL COLLECT FIVE GRAND.



BUT AFTER AN HOUR OF WATCHING FARR PRACTICE ...

WHEW! THAT FARR BACKFIELD IS MURDER!



COLE AND HALL ARE BOTH TRIPLE-THREAT MEN, AND THAT SLIP'RY RUNS LIKE AN ANTELOPE!

WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KISS YOUR FIVE GRAND GOOD-BYE, SPIDER.



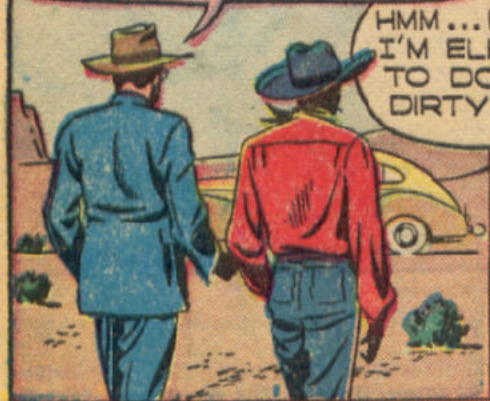
I LIKE MONEY TOO MUCH FOR THAT, STUB. IF THOSE THREE BACKFIELD MEN ARE ... ELIMINATED, I CAN'T LOSE ... GET ME?

THE MORNING OF THE GAME ..

IF ONLY WE HAD GOOD OLD SIMBA KARNO TO PLAY WITH US, WE'D BE AT OUR PEAK.

HIVA, FELLAS!

HMM ... RECKON I'M ELECTED TO DO THE DIRTY WORK!



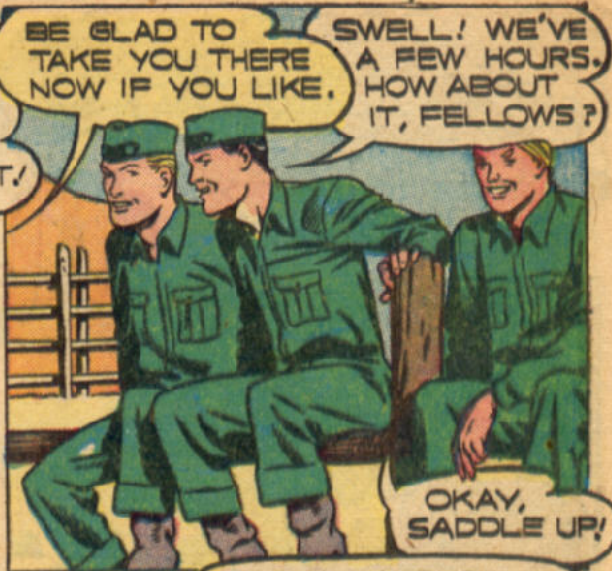
SIMBA'LL BE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL SOON WITH A NEW FACE.

2



EVER SEEN THE LOCAL
PETRIFIED FOREST?
IT AIN'T FAR FROM HERE.

PETRIFIED
FOREST?
SAY, I'D
LIKE TO
SEE
THAT!



BE GLAD TO
TAKE YOU THERE
NOW IF YOU LIKE.

SWELL! WE'VE
A FEW HOURS.
HOW ABOUT
IT, FELLOWS?

OKAY,
SADDLE UP!



A HALF HOUR LATER, OUT ON
THE DESERT...

WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO GO
MUCH FARTHER. WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING US?



INTO AN AMBUSH,
CHUMP! DON'T PUT UP
A FIGHT OR YOU'LL
GET LEAD POISONING!

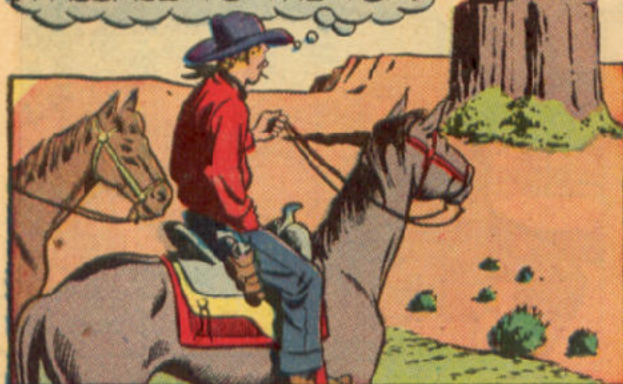


THE BOYS
ARE BOUND
AND
BLINDFOLDED.
THEN THE
PARTY GETS
UNDER WAY.

NOW WHAT? YOU CAN'T
HIDE US. THE BAR-X PUNCHERS
WILL COMB THE RANGE.

BUT THEY CAN'T FIND
THE BEST HIDEOUT
IN THE WHOLE
SOUTHWEST!

THERE'S GOOD OLD RED MESA! FOLKS HEREABOUT BELIEVE IT CAN'T BE CLIMBED. SURE WAS A LUCKY DAY WHEN SPIDER JONES FOUND THE SECRET PASSAGE TO THE TOP!

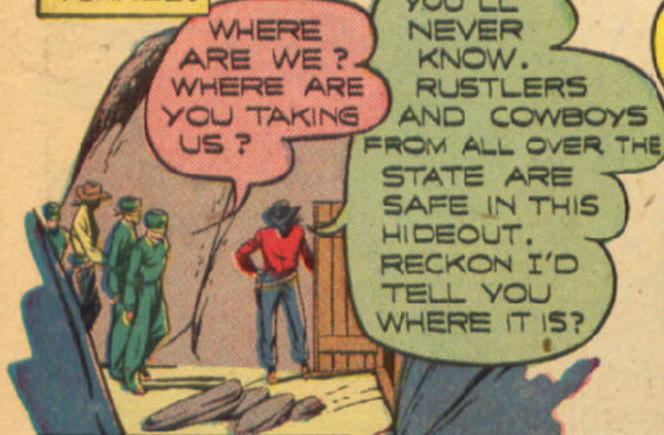


AT THE BASE OF RED MESA, STUB UNCOVERS THE SECRET PASSAGE.



HAUL THE PRISONERS DOWN OFF THEM CAYUSES AND LEAD 'EM UP THE TUNNEL, BOYS.

THE BOYS ARE LED INTO THE TUNNEL.

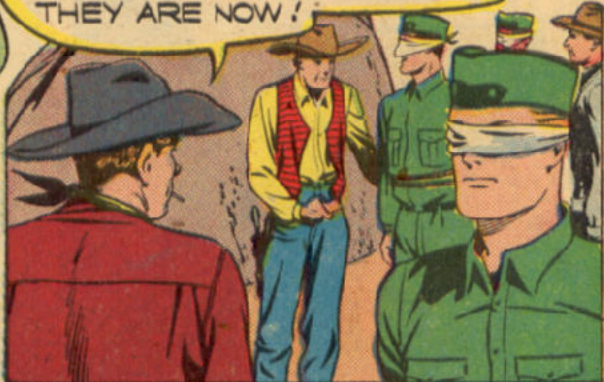


WHERE ARE WE? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW. RUSTLERS AND COWBOYS FROM ALL OVER THE STATE ARE SAFE IN THIS HIDEOUT. RECKON I'D TELL YOU WHERE IT IS?

AFTER A LONG CLIMB, THEY EMERGE.

OKAY, BOYS, TAKE THE BLINDFOLDS OFF. THE SOLDIER BOYS WON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW!



THE BLINDFOLDS ARE REMOVED.

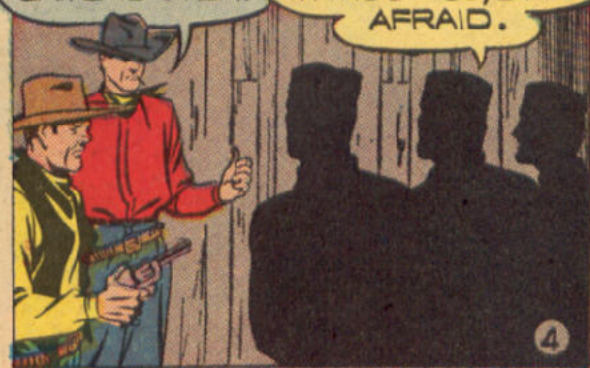
HUMPH! NICE LOOKING BUNCH OF BOYS YOU'VE GOT... I DON'T THINK!

YEAH. THEY'RE PLENTY ROUGH, COLE... AND QUICK ON THE DRAW.

THE BOYS ARE CONDUCTED TO A DILAPIDATED SHACK.

THIS'LL BE YOUR HOME UNTIL THE GAME IS OVER.

SO THAT'S IT! GOSH, THE FARR TEAM'LL BE PRETTY CRIPPLED WITHOUT US, I'M AFRAID.

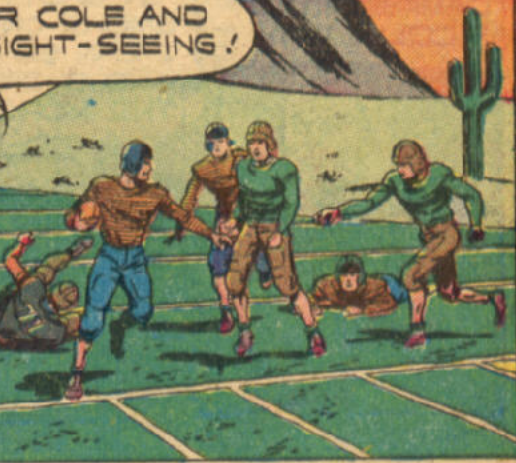
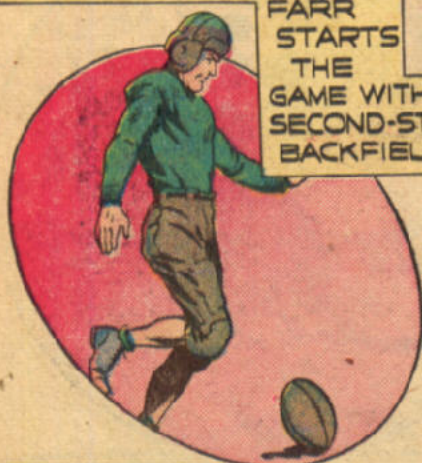


AN HOUR FAST GAME-TIME. THE FANS ARE IMPATIENT. FINALLY

FARR, MINUS ITS REGULAR BACKFIELD, IS UNABLE TO STOP THE SAGEBRUSH PASSES. THE HALF SCORE: SAGEBRUSH 13, FARR 0.

FARR STARTS THE GAME WITH A SECOND-STRING BACKFIELD.

FINE TIME FOR COLE AND HALL TO GO SIGHT-SEEING!

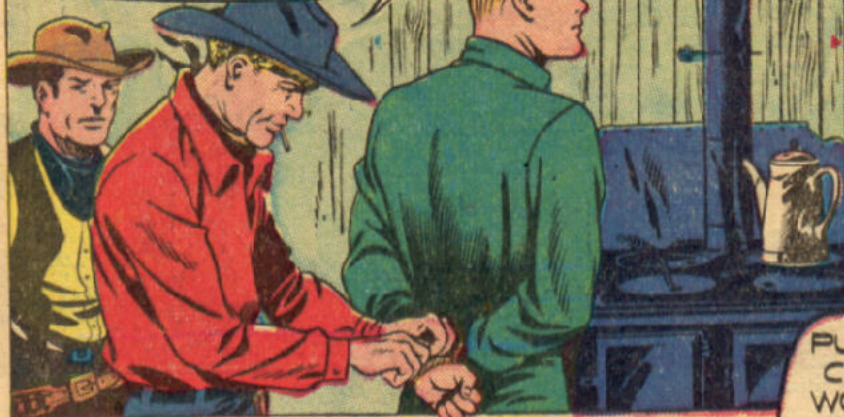


MEANWHILE ...

RECKON I'LL UNTIE YOU AND PUT YOU TO WORK DOIN' SOME COOKIN' FOR US, COLE.

OKAY BY ME!

BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL LIKE THE RESULTS!

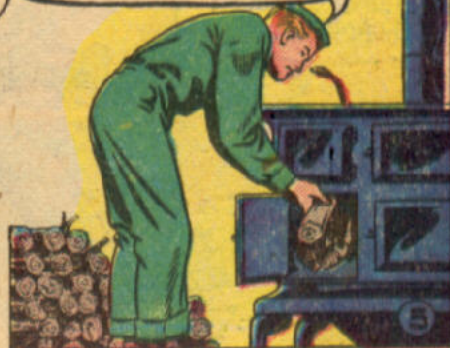


PUTTING THESE DAMP CLOTHS IN WITH THE WOOD'LL MAKE A GRAND SMOKE. THE OUTLAWS ARE SO BUSY PLAYING CARDS THEY WON'T NOTICE MY SENDING SMOKE SIGNALS.

AS DICK BUSTLES AROUND THE STOVE, STUB SETTLES DOWN TO A CARD GAME.

AIN'T YOU RISKIN' A SMOKE GIVEAWAY, BUILDIN' A FIRE, STUB?

NAW, TH' WOOD'S TOO DRY TO MAKE ANY SMOKE.



HEY, STUPID, DON'T YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK A DAMPER? QUIT FIDDLIN' WITH IT.

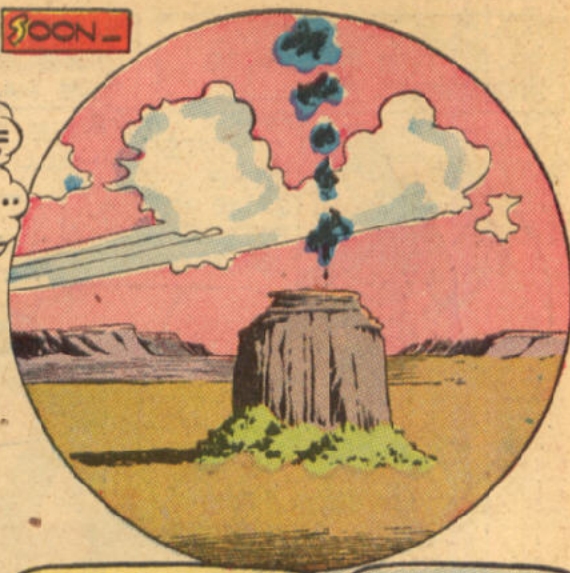


UH..OKAY, STUB. SORRY.

BY SHUTTING THE SMOKE ON AND OFF, I CAN SEND LONG AND SHORT PUFFS.. THE MORSE CODE.



SOON..



MEANWHILE THE SAGEBRUSH TEAM GOES BACK TO THE FIELD FOR THE SECOND HALF.

I WISH FARR HAD THEIR BACKFIELD STARS. THIS VICTORY WON'T MEAN MUCH WITHOUT THEM.

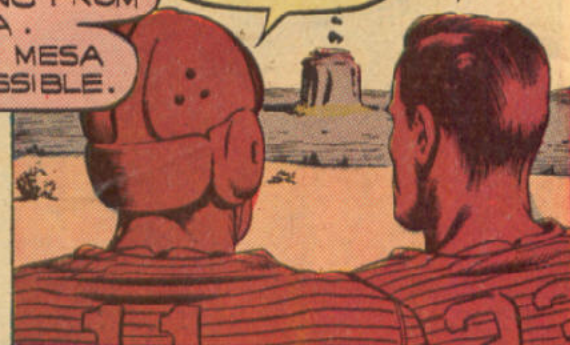


YEAH, THAT'S.. HEY, LOOK! SMOKE PUFFS COMING FROM THE RED MESA. THOUGHT THE MESA WAS INACCESSIBLE.

SO DID I, BUT SOMEBODY MUST BE UP THERE.

HM-M-M. LARGE AND SMALL PUFFS AT REGULAR INTERVALS.

LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF MESSAGE. LET'S SEE...



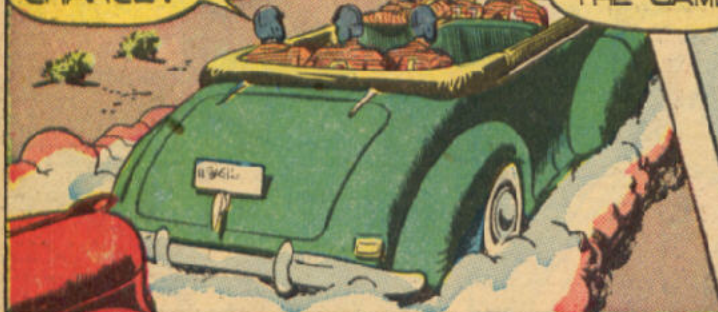
THE SAGEBRUSH PLAYER READS DICK'S SIGNAL AND THE SAGEBRUSH SCRUB TEAM GOES TO THE RESCUE!

THEY REACH RED MESA AND PILE FROM THE CARS, BUT —

WE SCRUBS WANTED ACTION. HERE'S OUR CHANCE.

HOPE WE CAN GET 'EM BACK IN TIME TO FINISH THE GAME!

NOW WHAT? IT GOES STRAIGHT UP!



IF THOSE FARR GUYS CLIMBED IT, SO CAN WE. LET'S GO!



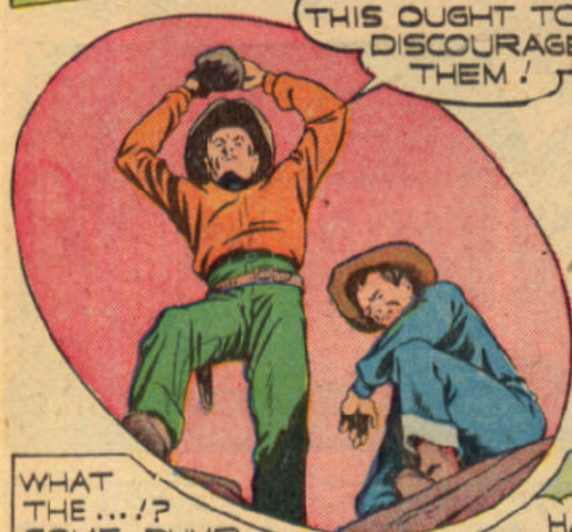
MAYBE WE'LL BREAK OUR NECKS TRYING, BUT LET'S CLIMB IT, FELLOWS.

HEY! SOME CONSNARN IDJITS ARE TRYING TO CLIMB UP HERE!



STUB'S PALS GO OUT TO SEE IF ALL'S WELL... BUT..

IF THEY MAKE IT, THEY'LL DISCOVER THE SECRET PASSAGE, AND OUR HIDEOUT WILL BE RUINED.



THIS OUGHT TO DISCOURAGE THEM!



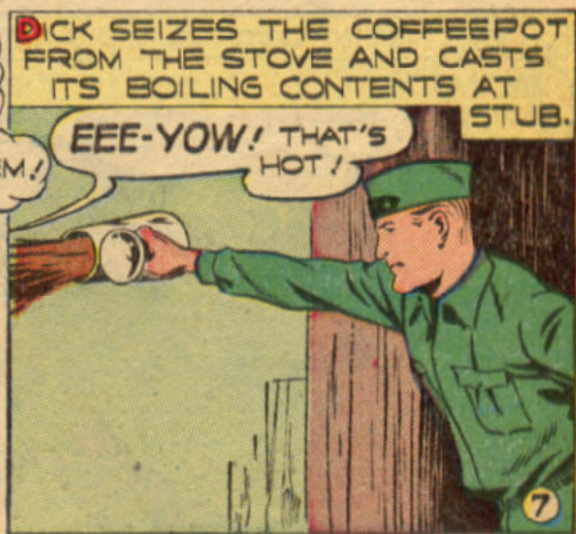
GEE! IF WE DON'T QUIT, WE'LL HAVE ROCKS IN OUR HEADS! LET'S GO BACK, BILL!

NO! IF FARR DID IT, SAGEBRUSH CAN DO IT!



WHAT THE...!? SOME DUMB COYOTES MUST BE TRYIN' TO CLIMB THE MESA!!

HA! AN ANSWER TO MY SIGNAL! I'VE GOT TO HELP THEM!

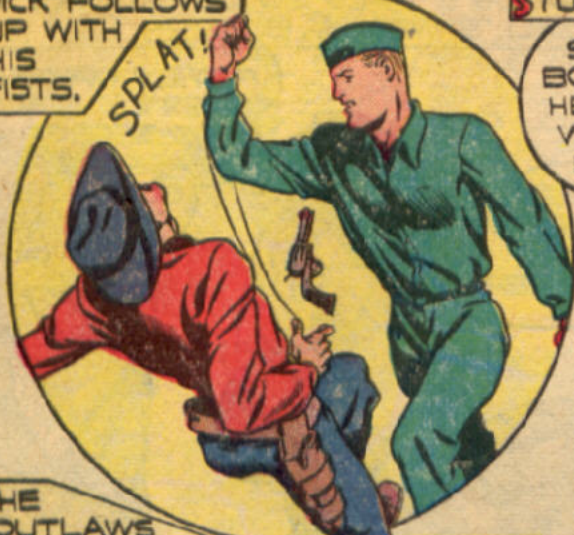


DICK SEIZES THE COFFEETOT FROM THE STOVE AND CASTS ITS BOILING CONTENTS AT STUB.

EEE-YOW! THAT'S HOT!

DICK FOLLOWS
UP WITH
HIS
FISTS.

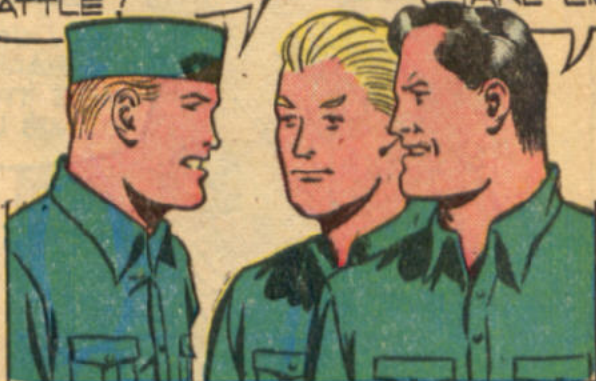
SPLAT!



STUB DROPS. DICK QUICKLY FREES
SLIP'RY AND
BARK.

SNAP OUT OF IT,
BOYS. STUB'S FALS
HEARD HIM YELL.
WE'RE IN FOR A
BATTLE!

GOOD. LET 'EM
COME—WE CAN
TAKE 'EM!

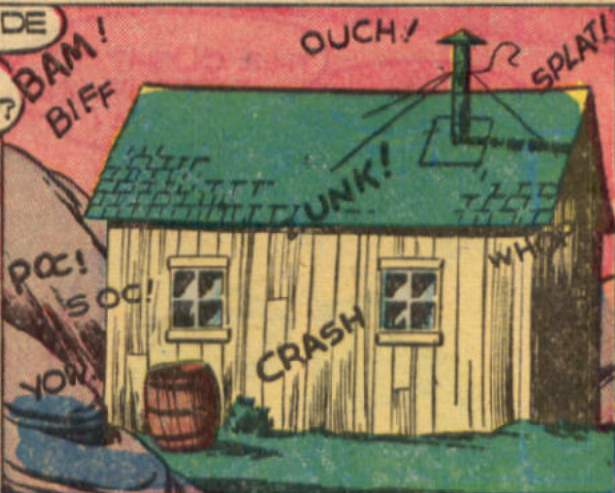


THE
OUTLAWS
STOP BOMBARDING THE
SAGEBRUSH BOYS AND RUSH
TO THE SHACK.

THE BOYS BATTLE AGAINST
OVERWHELMING ODDS.

YOU AIN'T
GOT A
CHANCE!

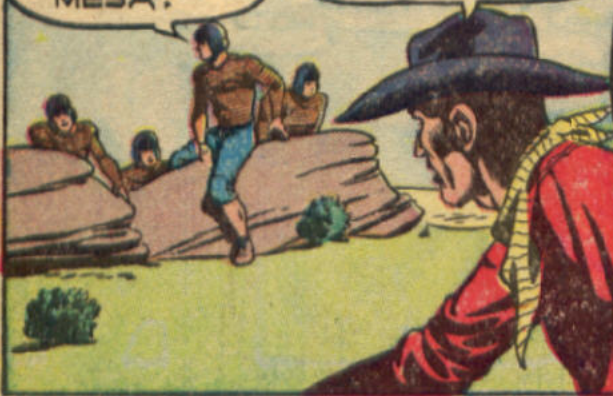
CARE TO TRADE
IN THAT UGLY
MUG FOR A
PLOC! NEW PAN?



...BUT REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE.

WE MADE IT!
CLIMBED RED
MESA!

ULP! WE AIN'T GOT
A CHANCE NOW!



THE SAGEBRUSH PLAYERS
TURN THE TIDE, AND SOON THE
OUTLAWS ARE OVERCOME.

THANKS FOR THE
ASSIST, FELLOWS.
YOU'LL FIND IT
MUCH EASIER COMING
DOWN THROUGH THE
SECRET PASSAGE!

PASSAGE? GOSH, IF
WE HADN'T THOUGHT
YOU CLIMBED THE
MESA, WE'D NEVER
HAVE HAD THE
NERVE TO TRY IT!

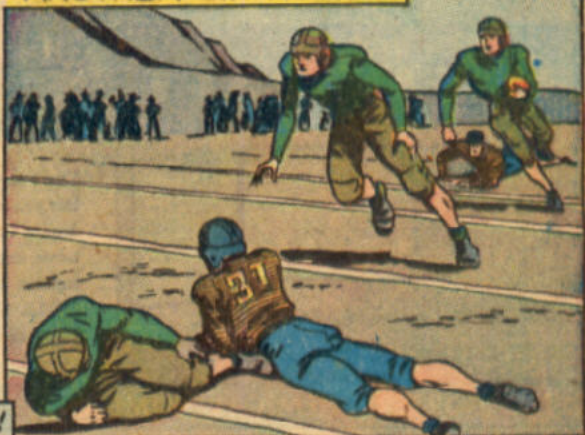


THE BOYS DESCEND AND RUSH BACK TO THE FOOTBALL FIELD. THE GAME IS RESUMED. ON THE SECOND PLAY, DICK INTERCEPTS A SAGEBRUSH PASS ...

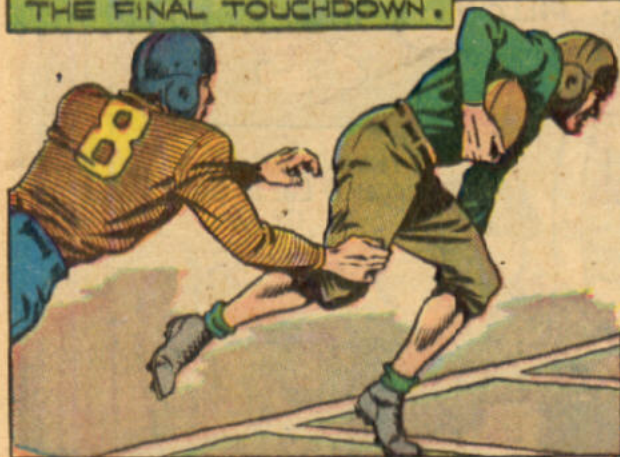


... AND GALLOPS 65 YARDS FOR A TOUCHDOWN!

BARK HALL INTERCEPTS ANOTHER PASS, AND BEHIND SUPERB BLOCKING BY DICK, TALLIES ANOTHER SIX POINTS.



WITH TWO MINUTES TO GO, SLIP'RY SPEEDS AROUND THE END FOR THE FINAL TOUCHDOWN.



DICK KICKS THE EXTRA POINT AND..

YIPP-E-E! THE GAME'S OVER! FARR WINS 21 TO 20! WOW!

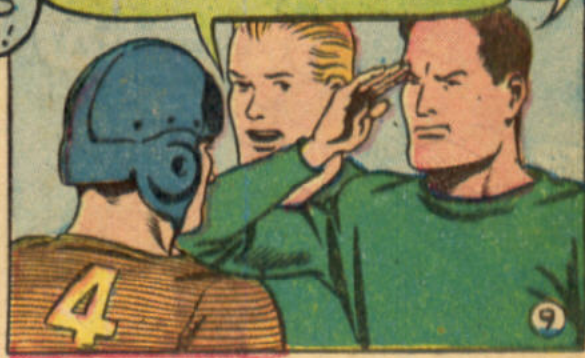


UGH! THAT'S OVER FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS I'VE GIVEN BACK. I'M RUINED!

YOU CAN THINK OVER VORE MISTAKE IN THE HOOSEGOW, 'LONG WITH THE OUTLAWS THE BOYS ROUNDED UP!

YOU SAGEBRUSH MEN RISKED YOUR NECKS JUST TO MAKE SURE YOUR OPPOSITION HAD A FAIR CHANCE. THAT'S MY IDEA OF REAL SPORTSMANSHIP!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, DICK. MEN OF SAGEBRUSH, WE SALUTE YOU!



BOYS-IT'S FREE!

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WHY DO YOU CALL
HIM MAPLE SYRUP?

'CAUSE HE'S SUCH
A REFINED SAP!!

AND WHY WOULD YOU
LIKE TO BE A
PILLOW?

(YAWN) OH, SO I
COULD LIE IN BED
ALL DAY!!

HEY, HANK-HAVE YOU
PUT ANYTHING AWAY
FOR A RAINY DAY??

OF COURSE—
AN UMBRELLA!!

ACE BUBBLE GUM CO.
THE GUM THAT GOES "WHOO-HSH"

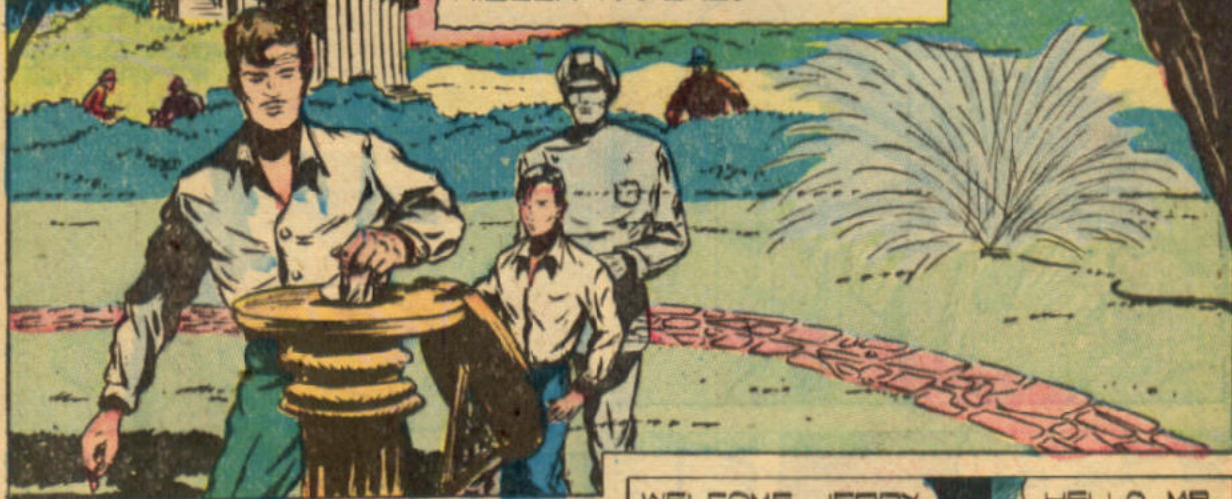
MILK HAMMER

Sergeant

SPOOK

IN
THE ADVENTURE OF THE
MISPLACED MARKERS!!

SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY
START OUT ON A QUIET
VACATION BUT END UP
COMBATING CROOKS AND
TRACKING DOWN VALUABLE
HIDDEN PAPERS.



IT SURE WAS
NICE OF GARY
KENT TO INVITE
ME TO SPEND
MY VACATION ON
HIS ESTATE.

AND WHAT A
PLACE! HE MUST
OWN A LOT OF
LAND, JERRY.

WELCOME, JERRY.
I'M GLAD YOU'RE
HERE!

HELLO, MR.
KENT.



QUESTION
No. 4.

Man + what verb meaning avoid = a large house? Don't shun this Q — it's not hard!

THE NEXT MORNING...

A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, MR. KENT. HE SAYS IT'S URGENT.

VERY WELL, SHOW HIM IN.

OUR SURVEY PAPERS SHOW THAT YOUR TIMBER TRACTS ARE PART OF OUR LAND.

WHAT?

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH? THE ORIGINAL MARKERS DIVIDING THIS ESTATE AND THE NEXT HAVE STOOD FOR OVER 200 YEARS.

WE FIND YOU HAVE NO PAPERS TO SUBSTANTIATE YOUR CLAIM, KENT. TRUE, ISN'T IT?

GET OFF MY LAND, YOU CROOK!

YOU'LL REGRET THIS, KENT!

COME ON, JERRY, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE MARKERS.

OKAY, MR. KENT.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SURVEYED THIS LAND FOR MY FAMILY, BUT THE SURVEY PAPERS WERE EITHER HIDDEN OR LOST MORE THAN 150 YEARS AGO. AH, THERE'S A MARKER NOW.



BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE HERE AT THE EDGE OF THE TIMBER TRACT. THOSE CROOKS MUST HAVE MOVED IT!



I'M GOING BACK TO THE HOUSE AND CALL MY LAWYER.

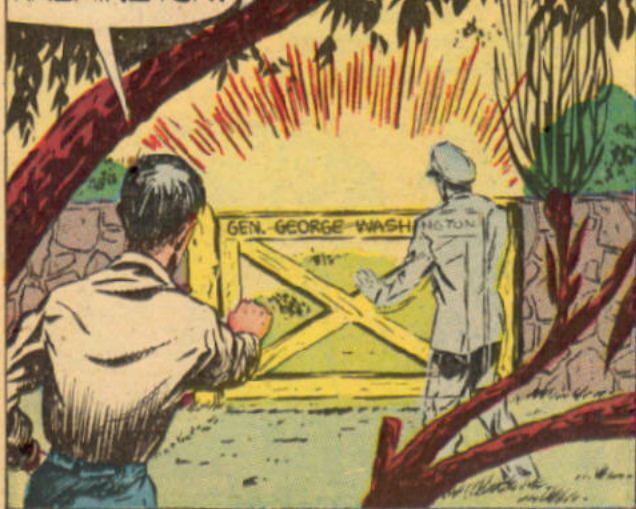
STAY HERE, JERRY. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.



KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THAT MARKER, JERRY, AND WE'LL TAKE A TRIP TO GHOST TOWN.



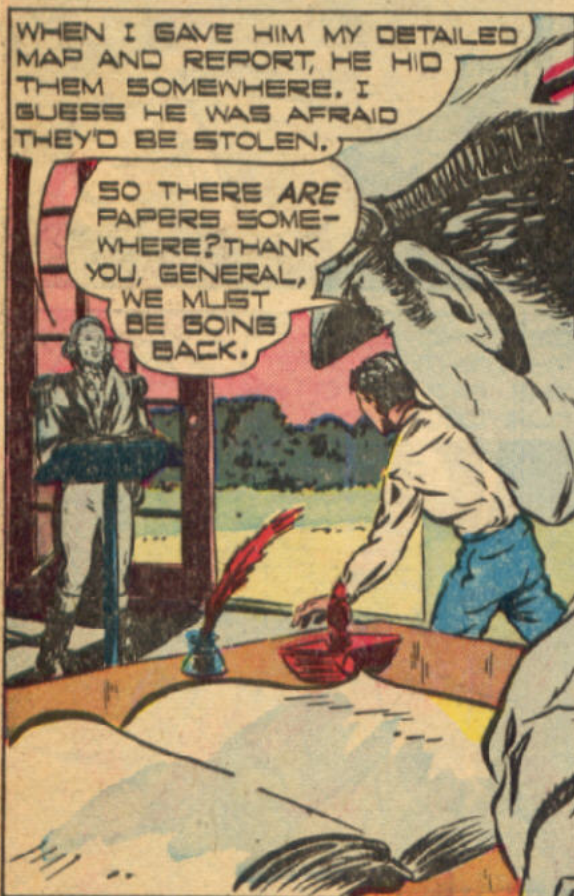
THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON!

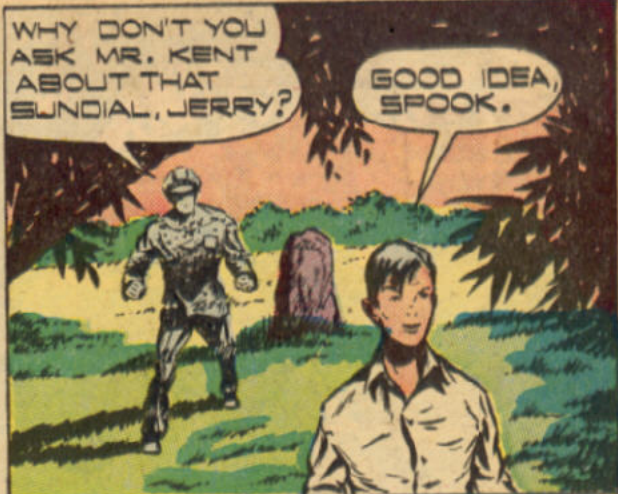


GEE, WHO EVER THOUGHT I'D MEET THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY?!

DON'T BE NERVOUS, JERRY.







AT THE KENT HOUSE...

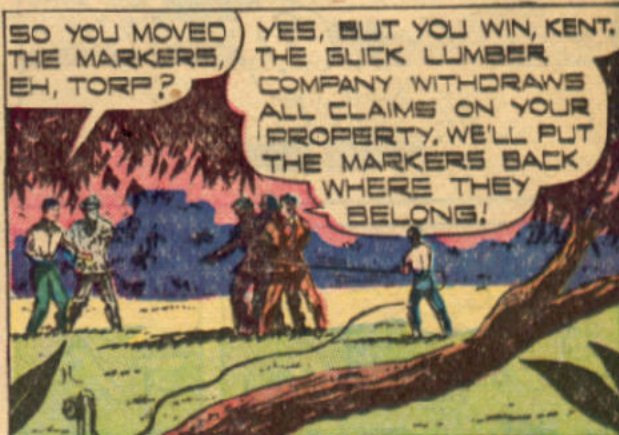


QUESTION No. 6. The name of what toy appears on this page?



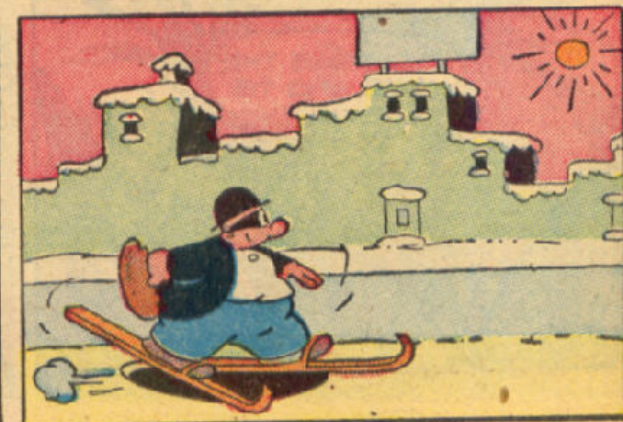
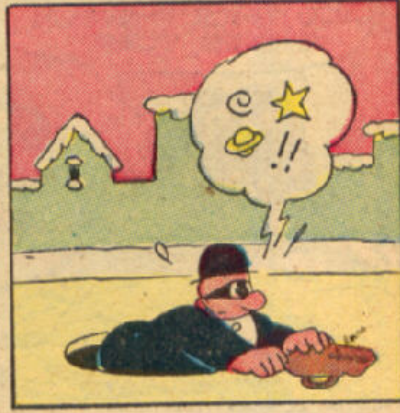
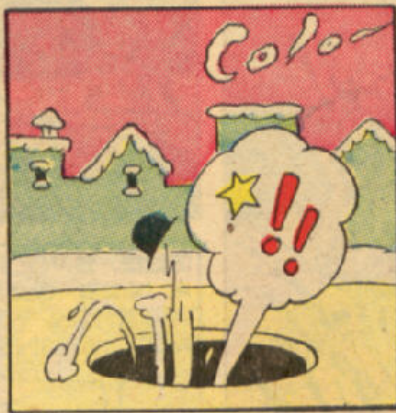
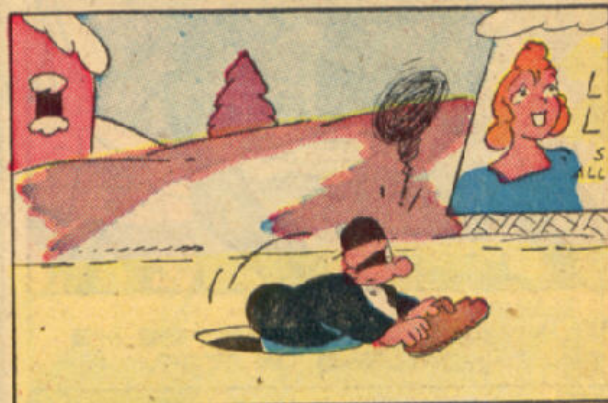
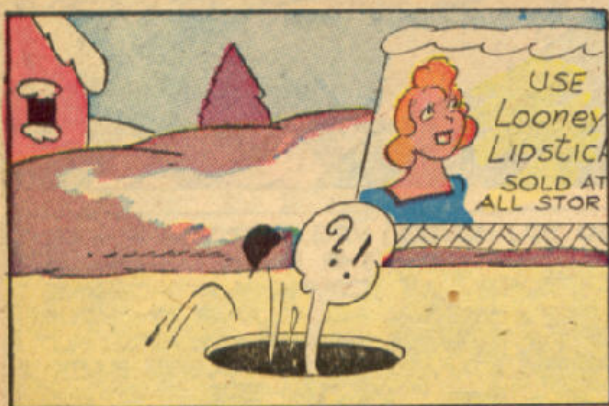
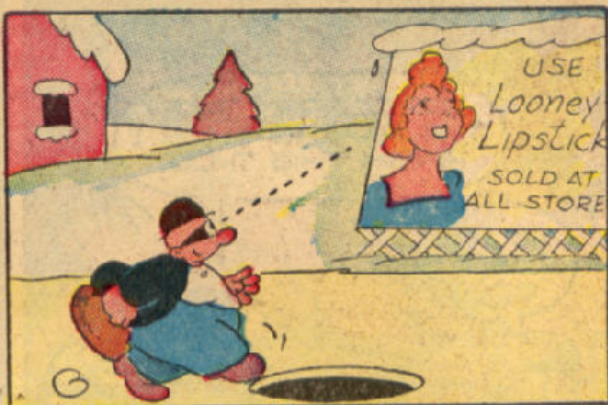


MEANWHILE KENT DISPATCHES HIS THUG AND TURNS ON TORP.



BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT



BLUE BOLT



MILEPOST

CAVE

TUBBY MEYERS and George Adams ran to the mouth of a cave that yawned, dark and forbidding, in the rocks. Their friend, Paul Gilbert, who had just moved from the city to the country, followed with a cynical smile on his face.

"There it is," Tubby pointed at the dark opening. "They say that Indians lived in it long ago."

"Some men explored it once and found a lot of arrowheads," George said.

The boys had left the railroad tracks at the first milepost east of town, cut across a field of thick sagebrush, and come out on a wide expanse of gray lava rock. A desolate scene spread itself before them.

Paul had a bored expression on his face. "You fellows make me sick," he said. "I thought you'd have something worthwhile seeing, or I wouldn't have come all the way out here."

George and Tubby looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

Tubby crawled into the cave entrance and looked around. "Hey, fellows," he called. "There're the tracks of a —"

"A rabbit," Paul cut him

off. "I saw them before you did."

Tubby looked at him in disgust. "All right, wise guy. So it's a rabbit."

George noticed the tracks. They went into the cave but none came out. The small animal that had left its tracks in the sand was still inside, hidden in some dark recess in the rocks.

George winked at Tubby. "Sure, it's a rabbit," he said. "If we could catch it, we could build a fire and roast it here in the rocks."

For the first time, Paul showed interest in what the boys were talking about. "Go in and bring him out," he urged.

"Not me," George said, and winked at Tubby. "I'm afraid of the dark."

"Give me those candles," Paul ordered. He took the candles from Tubby and crawled into the cave.

"You shouldn't have let him go," Tubby said. "You know those tracks weren't made by a rabbit."

George grinned at his friend. "My father says that experience is the best teacher—and that wise kid needs to learn the hard way."

They waited at the opening in the rocks and listened.

"I'm going to call him back before he gets into trouble," Tubby said.

He started to crawl deeper into the cave but stopped when he heard a cry from the darkness.

Tubby made out the excited words, "I see him! I see him!"

"It's too late now," Tubby told George. His guilty look wasn't quite concealed by the broad grin on his face.

The two boys hurried from the cave and scrambled over the rocks. A few seconds later a small animal darted out and disappeared in the brush. It had dark fur, a broad white stripe on its back, and a white-tipped tail. An offensive odor filled the air.

Paul crept out of the cave, gasping for breath and holding his nose. "I'm sorry, fellows," he said in a thoroughly chastened tone. "I see now that I've been a wise guy and a nuisance. I deserved what I got."

"You are a stinker," George laughed. "We'll accept your apology, pal, but let's wait until you've had a bath and a change of clothes before we shake hands on it."

HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

BY ART HELFANT



THAT'S
ME,
KIDDIES!

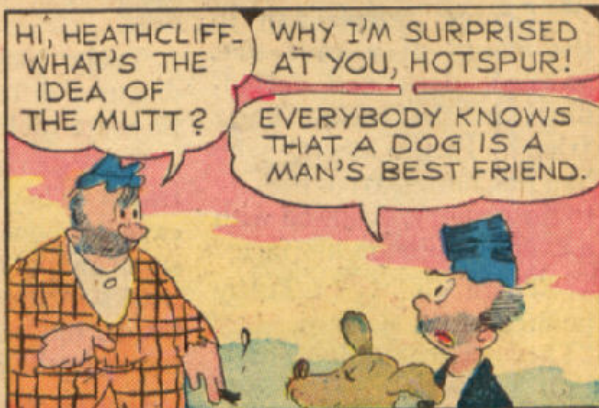


ARF!



HELLO, POOCH! HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO BE MY DOG?

ARF!
ARF!



HI, HEATHCLIFF...
WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF
THE MUTT?

WHY I'M SURPRISED
AT YOU, HOTSPUR!

EVERYBODY KNOWS
THAT A DOG IS A
MAN'S BEST FRIEND.



A DOG WILL STICK WITH
HIS MASTER THROUGH
THICK OR THIN!



A DOG NEVER CARES HOW
POOR HIS OWNER IS!

A DOG IS
LOYAL!



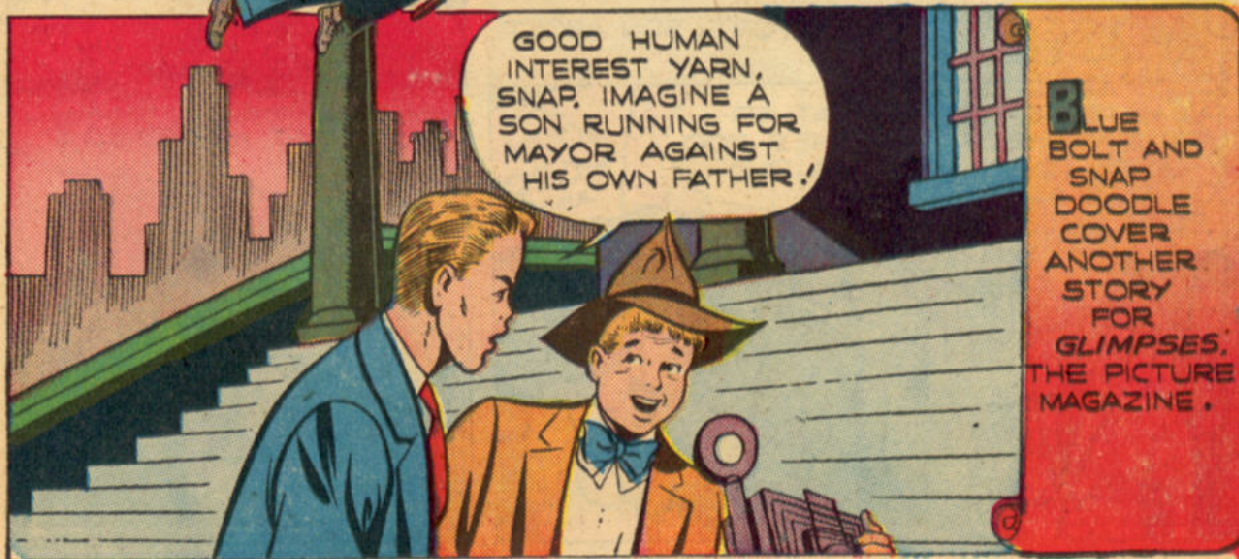
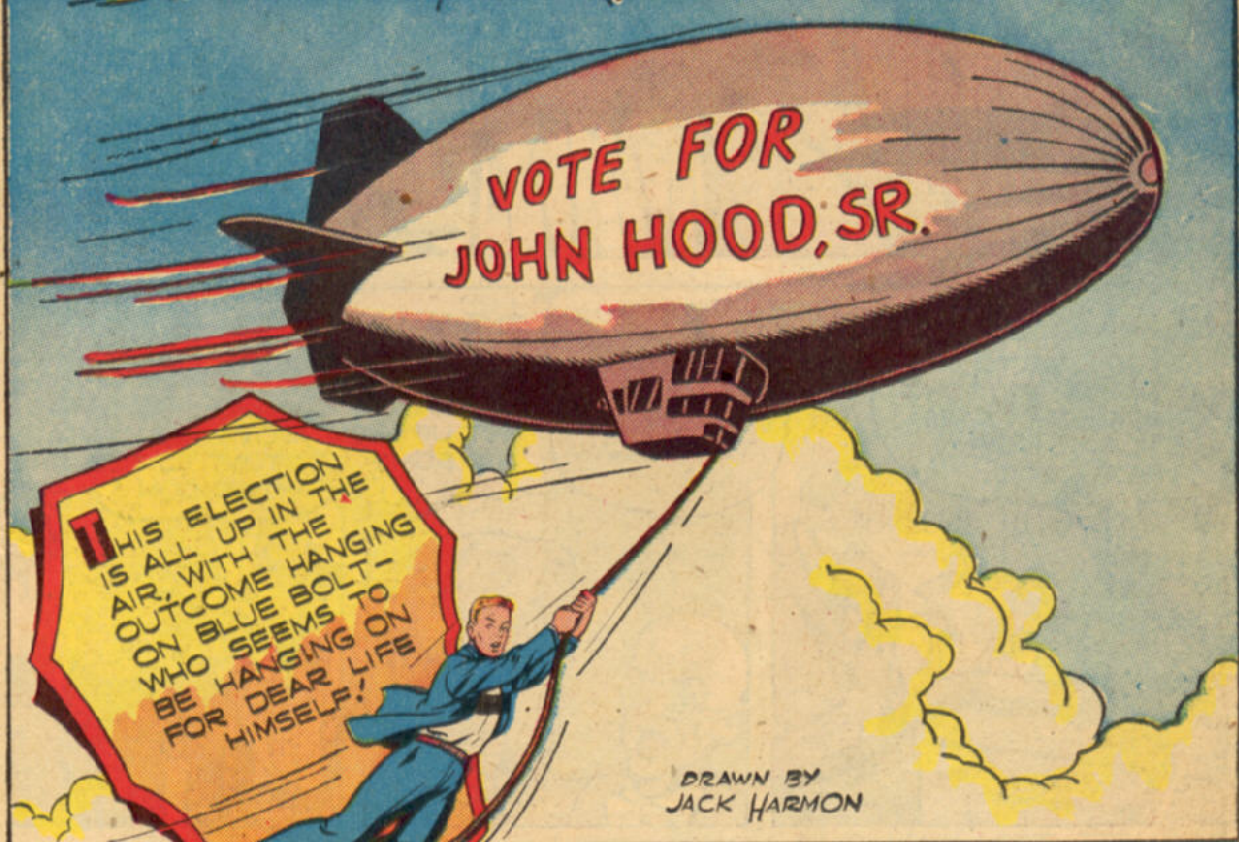
WHY, DO YOU THINK IT MAKES
ANY DIFFERENCE TO THIS DOG
THAT I CAN'T FEED HIM?



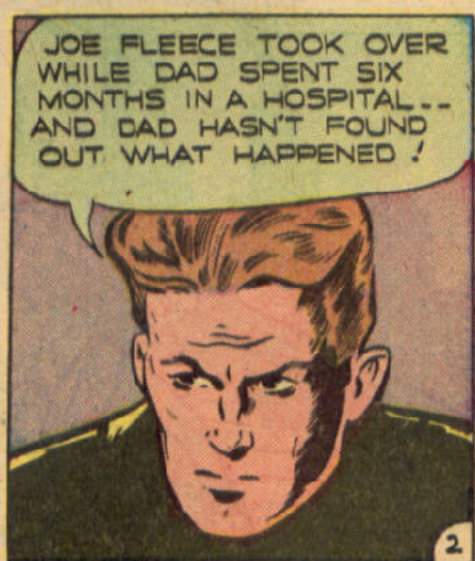
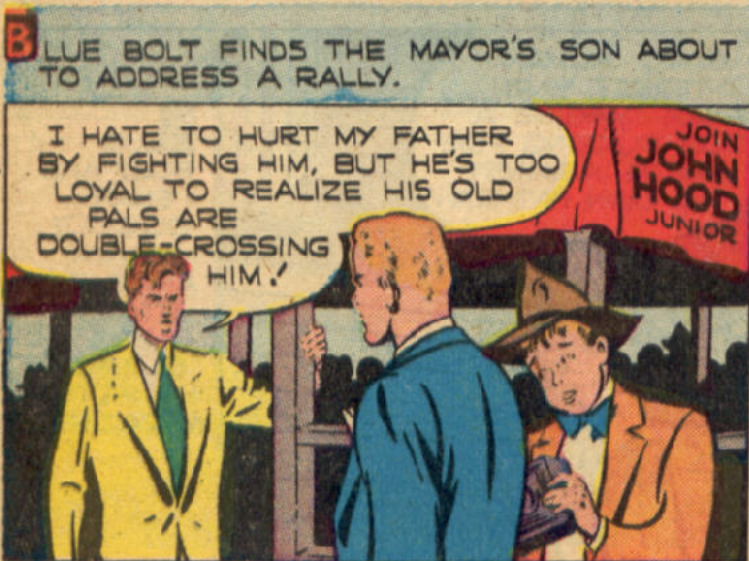
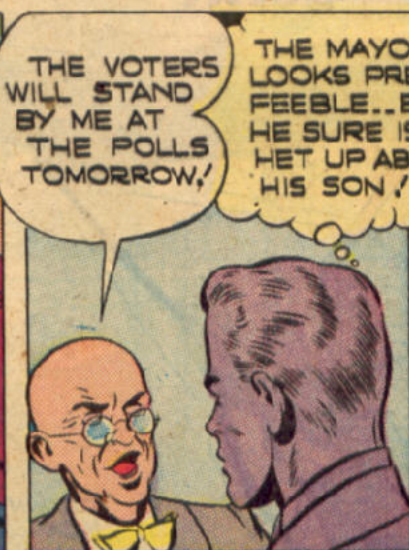
GULP!

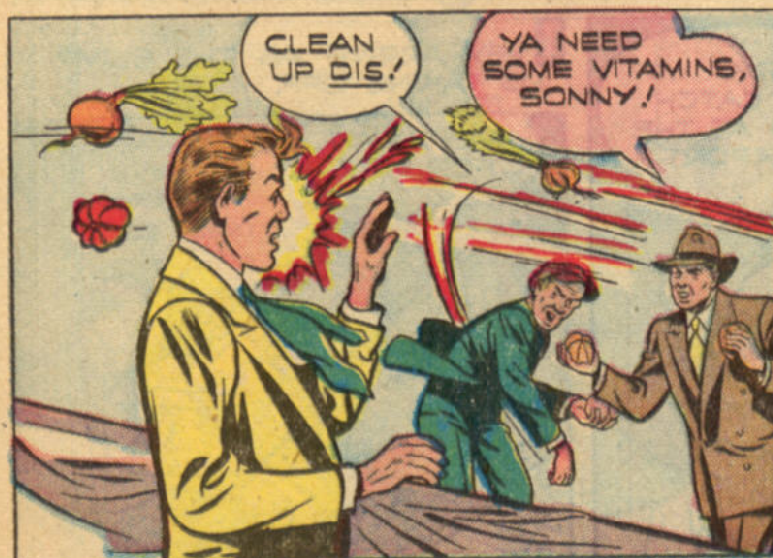
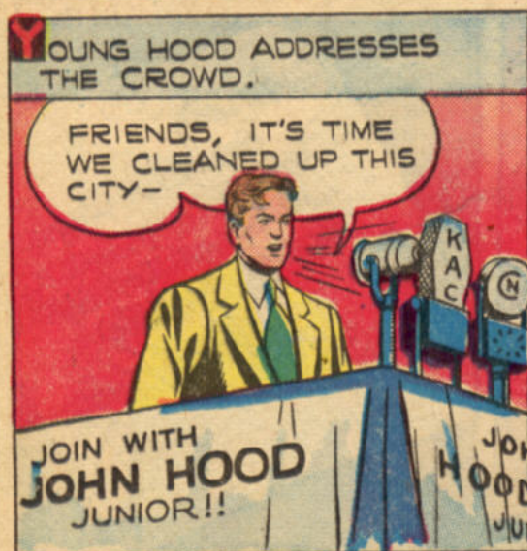
BLUE BOLT

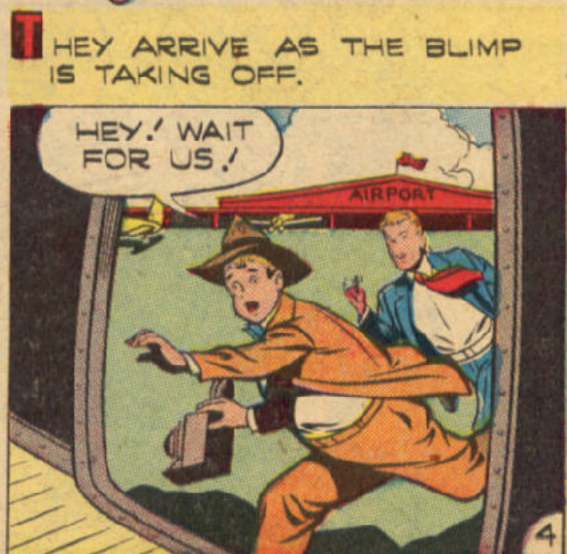
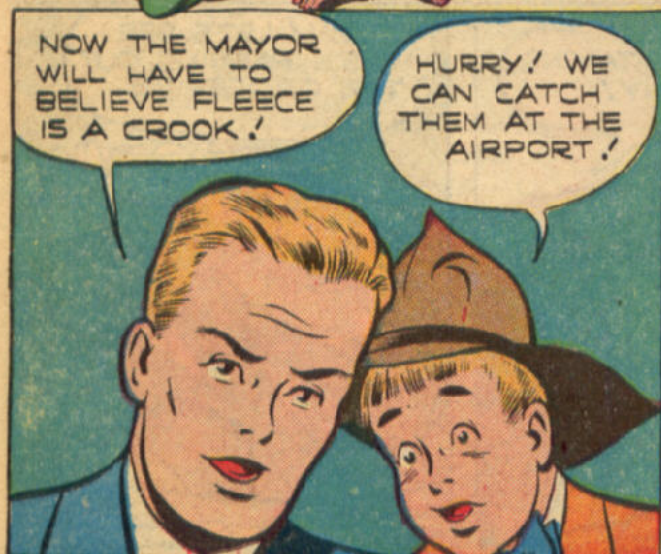
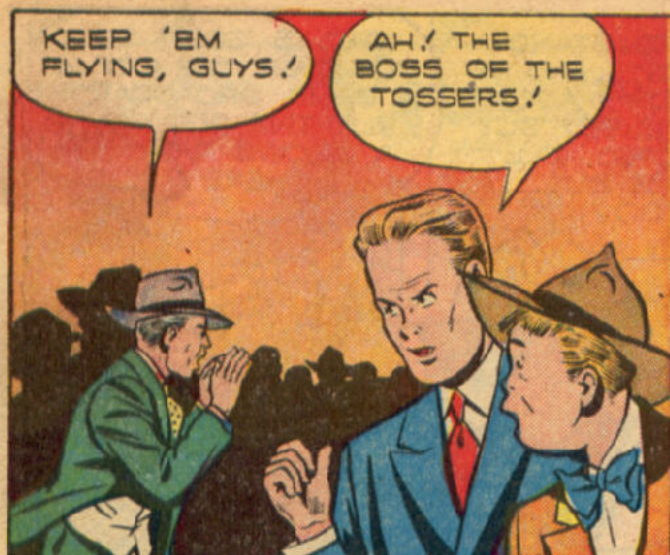
THE AMERICAN

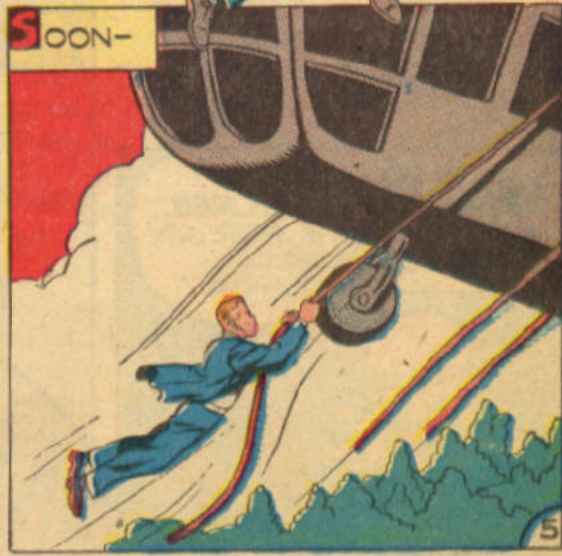
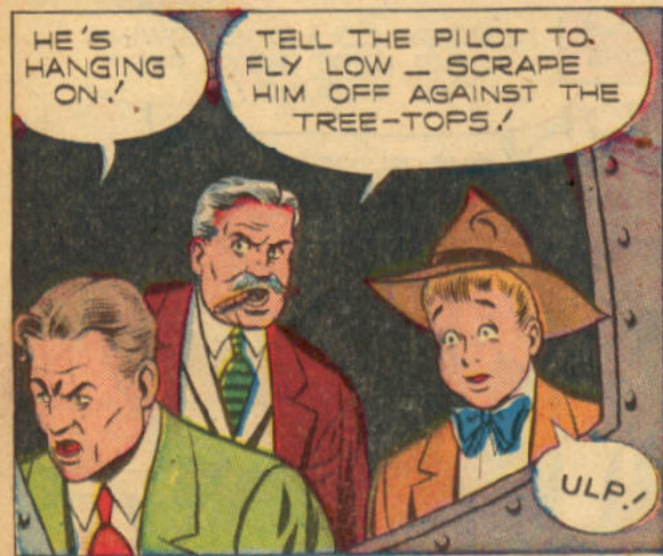


QUESTION No. 7. Is Father's Day in June, October, or February?

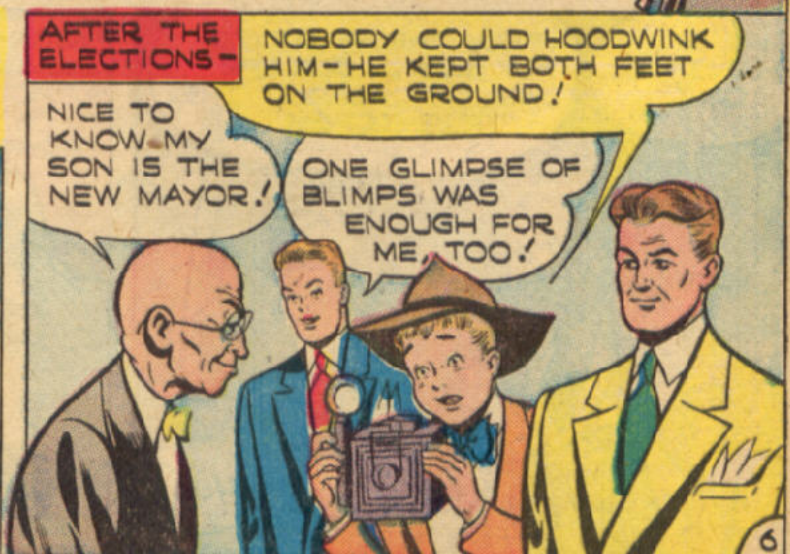
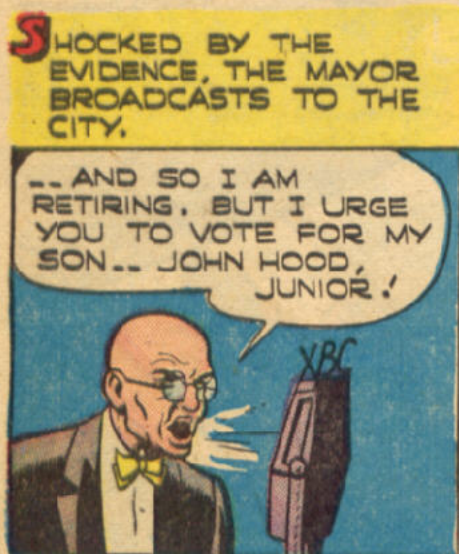








Q UESTION
No. 9. Name two movie stars whose last names rhyme with "cable."



NO SILK OR SATIN

ART BY
BRYAN



BUTCH McDowell made friends easily during his first month in the new country school. The other boys admired his broad shoulders and the way he could wrap his calloused fingers around a baseball bat.

All that changed, however, when Miss Murphy, the teacher, called for girls to join a school sewing club. One by one, they held up their hands.

"Would anyone else care to join?" Miss Murphy asked.

Butch held up his hand. "I'd like to," he said.

The girls glanced his way and tittered. The boys sat in a stunned silence, unable to believe their ears. Miss Murphy was the only one who could find her tongue.

"Why, Butch," she said. "I think that would be just wonderful." Her glance covered the big room. "How about the rest of you boys? Wouldn't you like to join?"

She was faced with a frosty silence and a sea of very red faces. The girls started to squirm in their seats, anxiously awaiting the bell for class dismissal.

Outside, the boys gathered around Butch. "What's the matter with you?" Cliff Beebe demanded. "Have you lost your mind?"

Little Sol Stevens did a pirouette on one toe and waved his hands in the air. "Oh, dear, dear," he wailed. "I just don't know what to wear to the party. Maybe Butch will make a new dress for me."

Everybody snickered and Butch's face turned red. "Look, fellows..."

"You look," Cliff cut in. He poked his finger in Butch's chest. "We don't want any sissies on the ball team. You can give up the sewing class or stay away from our gang."

"I can't back out now," Butch said.

During the days that followed, Butch was very unpopular. The boys avoided him as if he had the measles. The girls watched him at sewing classes and giggled when he had trouble with his stitches. Butch bent over his work and tried not to hear the whooping of the boys as they played ball outside.

He made the required number of towels and took the darning lessons. Then Miss Murphy made an announcement.

"The last school day of this month will be Achievement Day. Prizes will be given for the best sewing.

"How about me?" Butch asked. "Can I work in secret

and make anything I want?"

Miss Murphy nodded agreement. "I think that's only fair. We couldn't expect you to make a dress."

On Achievement Day, the school was crowded with students and their parents. Cliff and Sol had front seats, and waited with broad grins for Butch to appear on the platform.

The girls showed their aprons and dresses and smiled their appreciation for the applause. Butch sat staring at the floor, a bundle under his arm.

Miss Murphy held up her hand for silence. "Now I'll introduce the winner," she said. "Butch, come up here."

Butch mounted the platform and unwrapped his package. He held out two calf blankets and a shop apron that had been made out of burlap and feed bags. The school rang with applause for his neat and unusual work.

"Gee whiz!" Cliff muttered. "The guy ain't as dumb as we thought. He wasn't making dresses at all!"

Sol's face turned red with embarrassment as he stood up. "I'm going up there and congratulate him," he said. He grabbed Cliff by the arm. "And you're going with me, to invite him back on the baseball team!"

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

G'WAN-WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THEY'RE GOING TO TAX HITCHHIKERS?

HA, HA! THAT'S RIGHT! THEY'RE GONNA HAVE A THUMB TAX!!

CAN YOU NAME FOUR THINGS THAT CONTAIN VITAMIN C?

ER-GRAPEFRUIT, ORANGE, AND TWO VITAMIN PILLS!!



WHAT DYA MEAN, YOUR POP HAS AN INDIFFERENT HORN ON HIS NEW CAR??

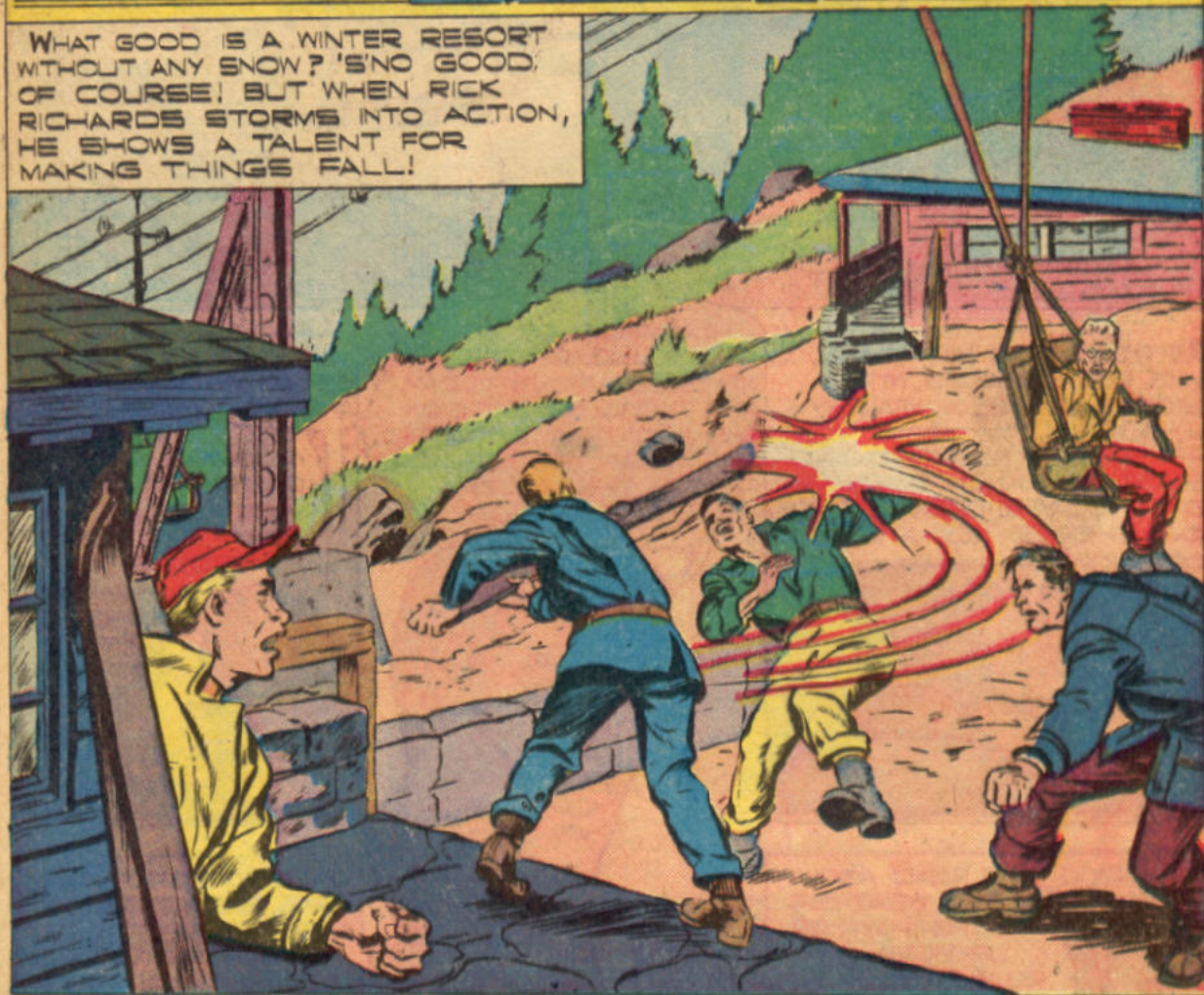
AW-IT DON'T GIVE A HOOT!!!

BLUE BOLT

MILT HAMMER

Rick Richards

WHAT GOOD IS A WINTER RESORT WITHOUT ANY SNOW? 'S'NO GOOD, OF COURSE! BUT WHEN RICK RICHARDS STORMS INTO ACTION, HE SHOWS A TALENT FOR MAKING THINGS FALL!

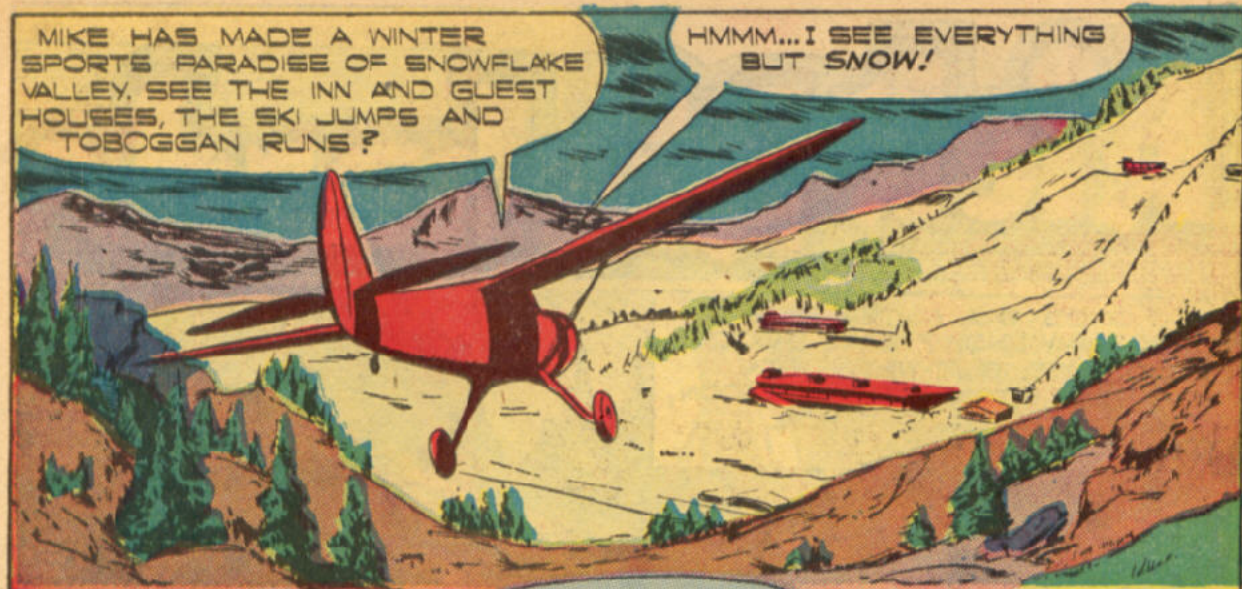


YOU'RE A PUZZLE, RICHARDS. WHY DON'T YOU RELAX AND ENJOY YOUR MILLIONS INSTEAD OF SEEKING TROUBLE ALL OVER THE WORLD?

MIKE KEENE IS AN OLD PAL, PROFESSOR BEALE. I'VE A HUNCH HE NEEDS HELP. THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU.



QUESTION No. 10. What have these in common: cyclone, tornado, blizzard, hurricane, typhoon?



MIKE HAS MADE A WINTER SPORTS PARADISE OF SNOWFLAKE VALLEY. SEE THE INN AND GUEST HOUSES, THE SKI JUMPS AND TOBOGGAN RUNS?

HMMM...I SEE EVERYTHING BUT SNOW!

AS RICK LANDS HIS PLANE, MIKE KEENE ARGUES WITH GEORGE GRABEL, A WEALTHY LUMBERMAN.

BE REASONABLE, GRABEL. YOU KNOW I'M ON THE SPOT! TODAY IS OPENING DAY, AND THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF SNOW!



HUNDREDS OF BIG SHOTS AND SPORTS WRITERS ARRIVE TODAY, AND THEY'LL GO BACK ON THE NEXT TRAIN, DISGUSTED! THIS FREAK WEATHER WILL GIVE THE VALLEY A TERRIBLE NAME!



I WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY OFF ON THE LOAN RIGHT AWAY, SO...

HUMPH! ACCORDING TO YOUR CONTRACT, IF YOU DON'T MAKE REGULAR PAYMENTS, THE RESORT BECOMES MINE!

HI, MIKE!



RICK RICHARDS!

I READ ABOUT THE WEATHER GOING HAYWIRE UP HERE, MIKE-- SO I BROUGHT ALONG PROFESSOR BEALE!



THE PROFESSOR CAN MAKE SNOWSTORMS-- AND THIS ISN'T A GAG! IT'S STRICTLY SCIENTIFIC!



OF COURSE, ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS MUST BE RIGHT! THEN PROFESSOR BEALE SIMPLY DROPS A FEW POUNDS OF DRY ICE PELLETS FROM MY PLANE, AND PRESTO...A SNOWSTORM IN TIME FOR YOUR OPENING!

GOSH, PROFESSOR... HOW DO CONDITIONS LOOK?



EXCELLENT! THOSE CLOUDS UP THERE ARE ALL POTENTIAL STORMS!



YIPPEE! I'M SAVED! SAY, MAKE WITH THE SNOW QUICK, WILL YOU? THE FIRST TRAIN IS DUE SOON!

BAH!

I'LL GO MEET THE GUESTS. IF THIS STUNT WORKS, RICK, YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!



BLAST IT! MY LUMBER-JACKS MUST MAKE SURE IT *DON'T* SNOW!



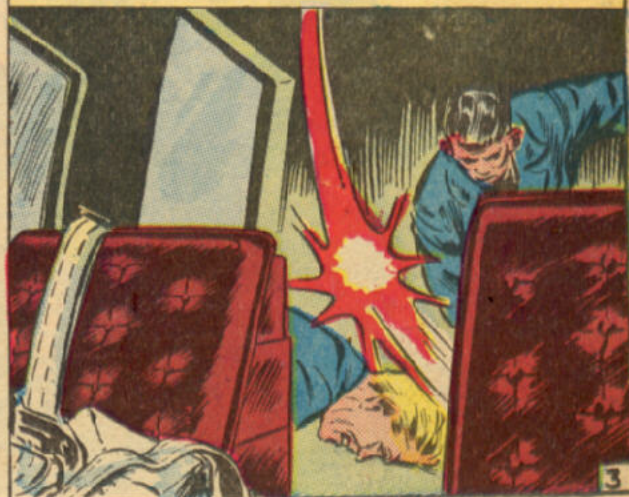
SEND RICHARDS AND THE PROFESSOR UP THE SKI TOW, THE CREW THAT'S TRIMMING THE MOUNTAIN TOP CAN HIDE THEM THERE TILL THE GUESTS GET DISGUSTED AND GO HOME!



OKAY, BOSS.

A MOMENT LATER...

RICK IS SLUGGED FROM BEHIND AS HE STEPS INTO HIS PLANE.



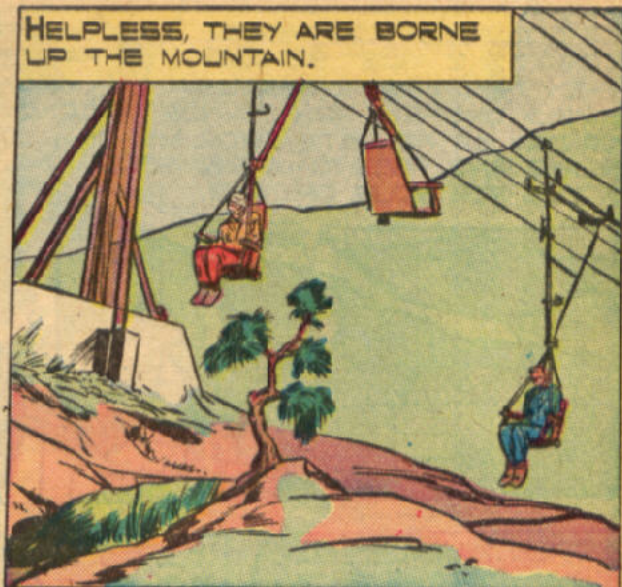
3

THEN HE AND PROFESSOR BEALE
ARE SEIZED AND TIED TO THE SKI
TOW.



THIS NOTE WILL TELL
BLACKIE WHAT TO DO. START
THE TOW, RED!

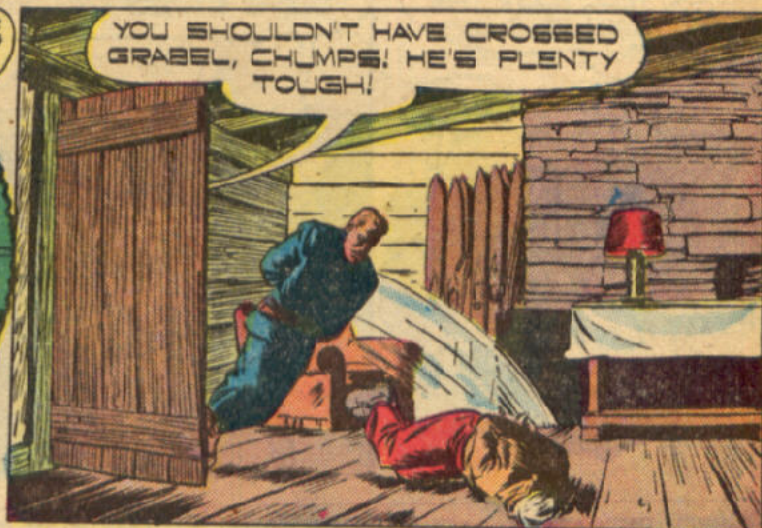
HELPLESS, THEY ARE BORNE
UP THE MOUNTAIN.



GRABEL SENT US A COUPLE
OF PRESENTS, BOYS! LOCK
'EM UP IN THE CABIN!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CROSSED
GRABEL, CHUMPS! HE'S PLENTY
TOUGH!



MEANWHILE...

WELL, KEENE,
WHERE'S
THE SNOW?

UH--IT OUGHT
TO BE HERE ANY
MINUTE NOW!



ABSURD! I'M GOING
HOME ON THE NEXT
TRAIN...AND I WON'T
BE BACK!

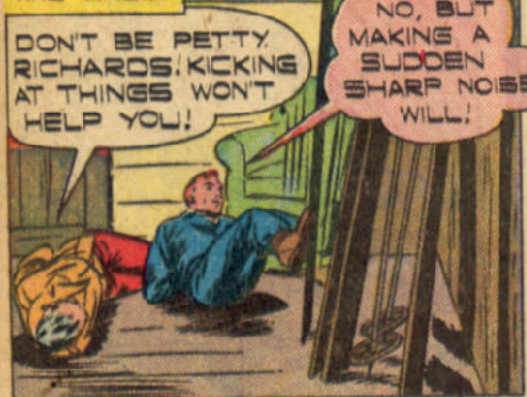
PLEASE, FOLKS,
BE PATIENT!



TRAPPED IN THE CABIN, RICK KICKS AT SOME SKIS STANDING AGAINST THE WALL.

DON'T BE PETTY, RICHARDS. KICKING AT THINGS WON'T HELP YOU!

NO, BUT MAKING A SUDDEN SHARP NOISE WILL!



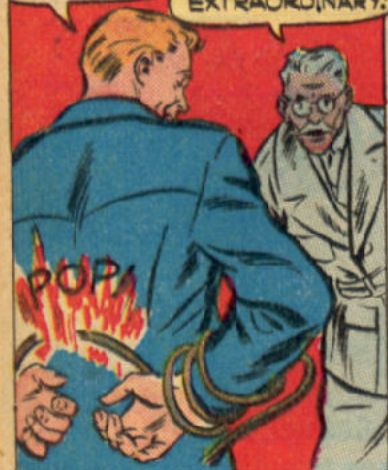
A WAR WOUND MAKES MY ADRENAL GLANDS ACT UP, PROFESSOR. A SUDDEN NOISE FILLS ME WITH AMAZING STRENGTH!



RICK SNAPS HIS BONDS--

CARE FOR A DEMONSTRATION?

EXTRAORDINARY!



--AND BREAKS DOWN THE HEAVY DOOR.

INCREDIBLE! LET'S GO, PROF! WE'LL GRAB THEIR TRUCK AND GET BACK TO THE PLANE BEFORE MIKE'S GUESTS ALL GO HOME!



TELL YOUR BOSS THAT RICHARDS IS TOUGH, TOO!

MY WORD! YOU'RE MORE REMARKABLE THAN MY SNOW MACHINE!



THEY ESCAPED AND GRABBED OUR TRUCK! GRABEL WILL FIRE US ALL!

PILE INTO THE STATION WAGON! IT'S FASTER THAN THE TRUCK!



SOON--

HMMM. THEY'RE GOING TO FOLLOW US IN A STATION WAGON. I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT!

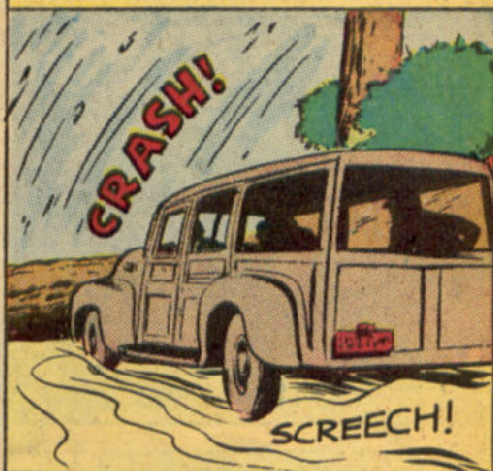


RICK JUMPS FROM THE TRUCK AND---

HOPE THAT EXTRA STRENGTH
LASTS LONG ENOUGH FOR ME
TO FELL THIS TREE!



---SETS A NEW RECORD FOR
FELLING A TREE!



SOON, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
MOUNTAIN, GRABEL SEES RICK
AND THE PROFESSOR APPROACHING.

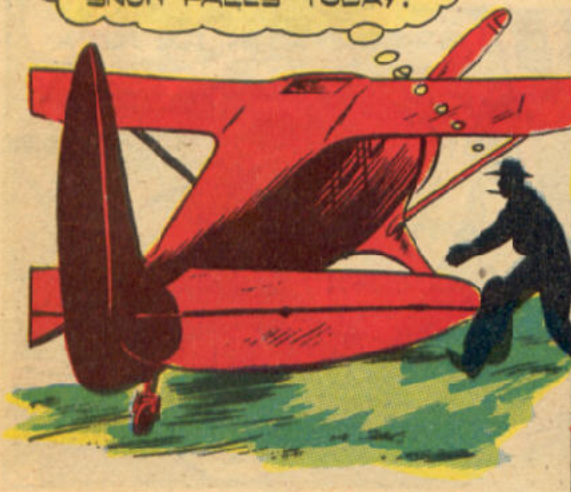
BLAST IT!
HOW'D THEY
ESCAPE?



BLOCKED! WE CAN'T
CATCH 'EM NOW!



I'LL STOW AWAY. NOW IT'S UP
TO ME TO MAKE SURE NO
SNOW FALLS TODAY!



FOR PETE'S SAKE, RICK, DO SOMETHING!
EVERYBODY'S ABOUT TO LEAVE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

IDEAL CONDITIONS, RICK! FLY OVER THOSE FAT, MOISTURE-FILLED CLOUDS AND I'LL SPRINKLE THE DRY ICE INTO THEM.



SUDDENLY---

IF YOU MAKE WITH THE SNOW, I'LL MAKE WITH THE BULLETS!

HUH?!



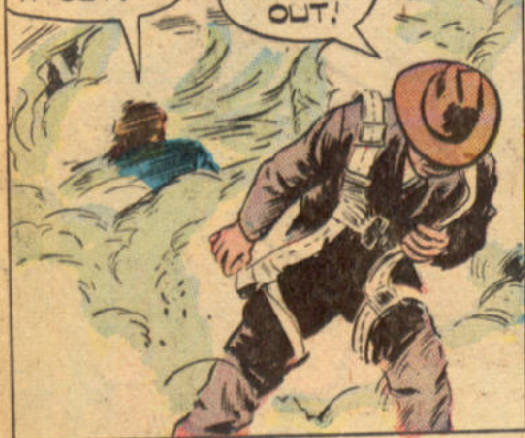
CIRCLE AROUND TILL THE GUESTS LEAVE. THAT'LL QUEER BUSINESS FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON!



FALLING FOR RICK'S RUSE, GRABEL DONS A PARACHUTE.

I CAN'T PUT IT OUT!

BUT I CAN GET OUT!



MIKE WILL HAVE TO TURN THE RESORT OVER TO ME. I'LL TURN IT INTO A MONEY-MAKER NEXT YEAR!

WHILE GRABEL GABS, I'LL DUMP SOME DRY ICE INTO WATER.



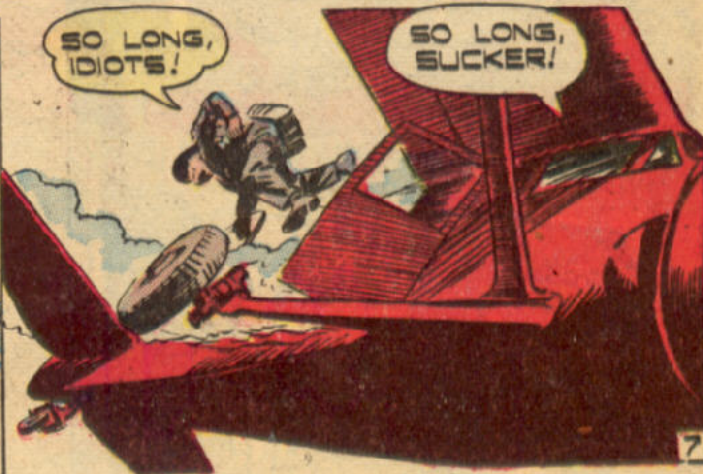
WHEN DRY ICE MEETS WATER, A SMOKE-LIKE VAPOR RISES!

FIRE!



SO LONG, IDIOTS!

SO LONG, SUCKER!

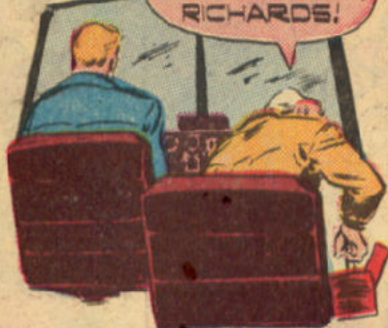


GRABEL WILL LAND IN THE MIDDLE OF EAST NOWHERE! NOW GO INTO YOUR ACT, PROFESSOR!



I STILL DON'T SEE HOW FOUR POUNDS OF DRY ICE CAN START A BLIZZARD, BUT GO TO IT!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, RICHARDS!



SURE ENOUGH, AS MIKE ESCORTS DISGUSTED GUESTS TO THE STATION---

SNOW!

SAY, MAYBE THIS TRIP WON'T BE A DUD AFTER ALL!

YEAH, THINK I'LL STICK AROUND FOR AWHILE!



HOURS LATER---

GREAT PLACE, EH, BYRON? WE MUST TELL THE GANG TO COME HERE!

YOU AND THE PROFESSOR SAVED ME, RICK, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GRABEL?

HERE HE COMES NOW!



UGH! I'VE STAGGERED THROUGH SNOWDRIFTS FOR HOURS! I'M EXHAUSTED-- FREEZING---

WELL, WELL! "THE ICEMAN COMETH!"

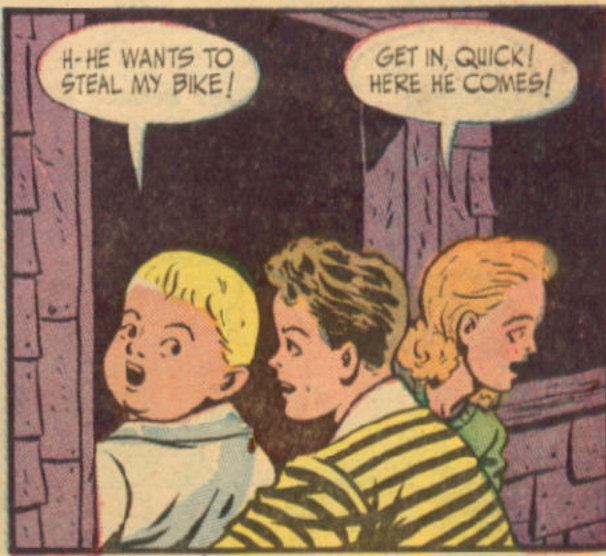
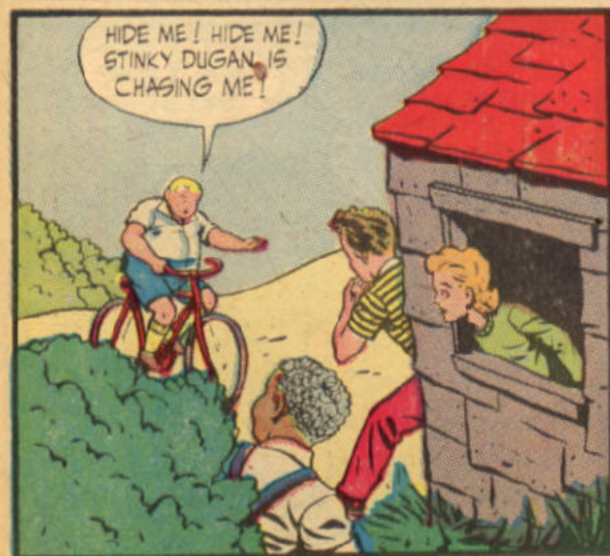
GRABEL TRIED TO STEAL THE WHOLE SNOW RESORT, BUT ALL HE GOT WAS FROSTBITE! HA, HA!

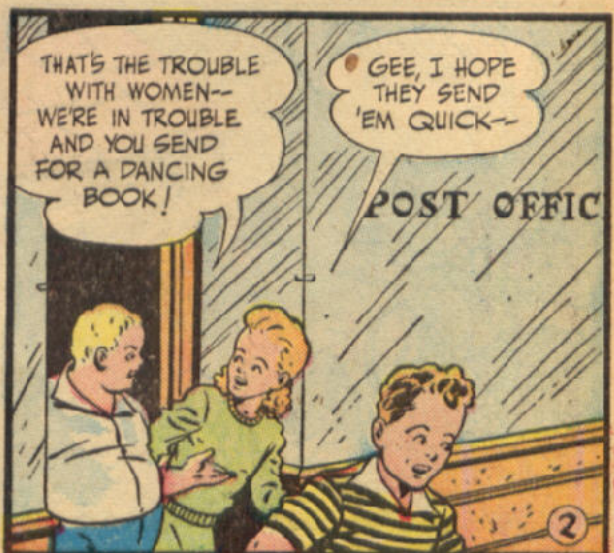


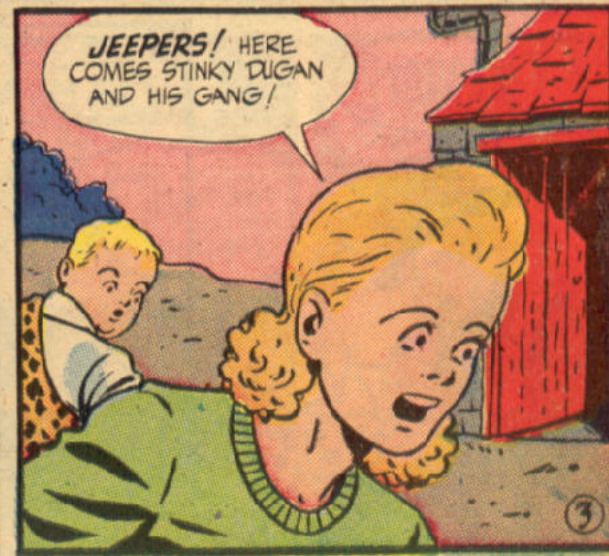
A ^{NSWER} No. 12. No. It is composed of people who have made an emergency parachute jump.

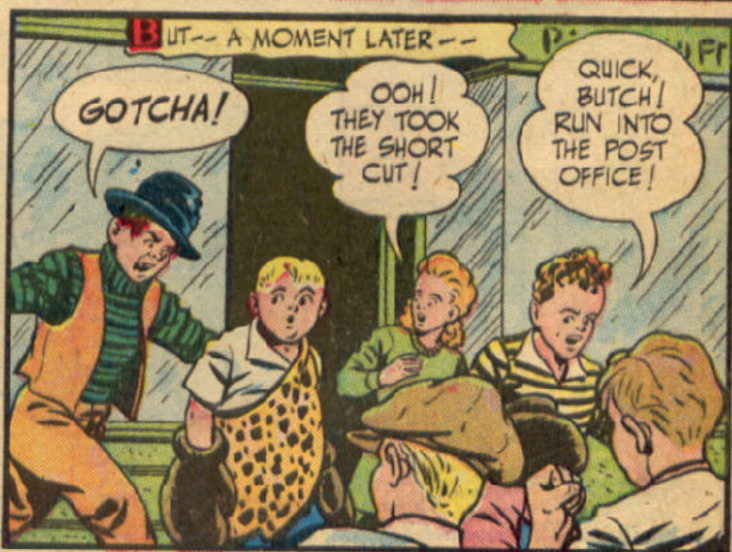
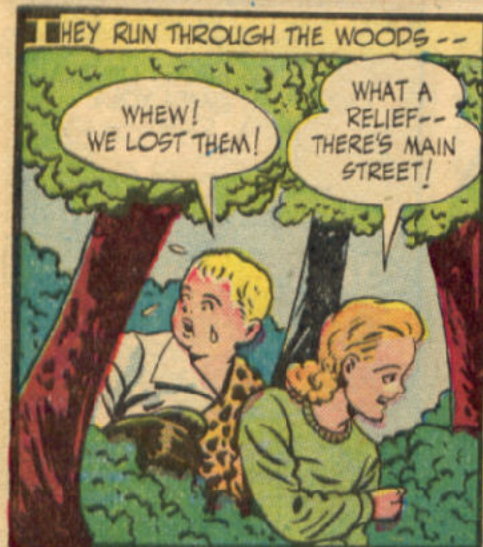
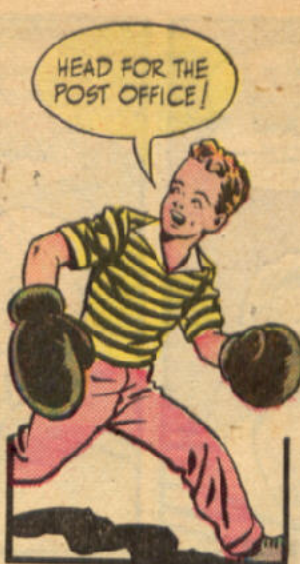
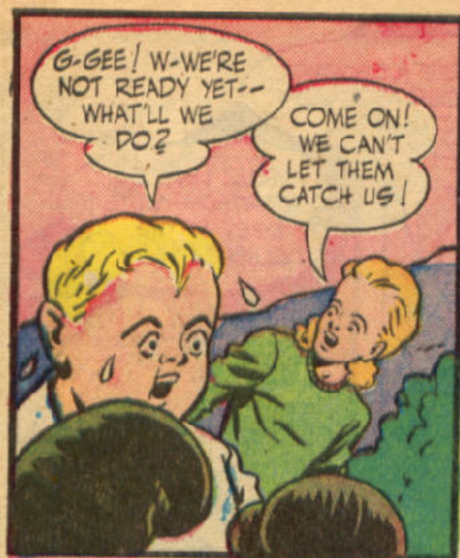
FEARLESS FELLERS

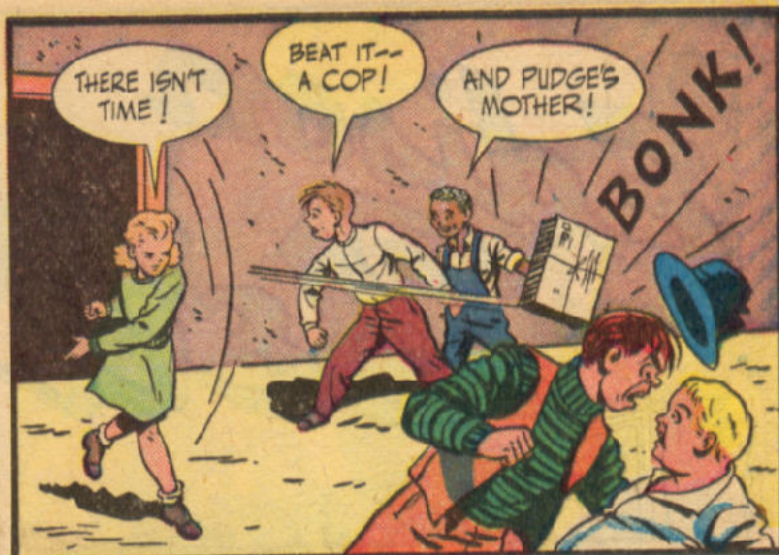
BY
JOE DONOHUE



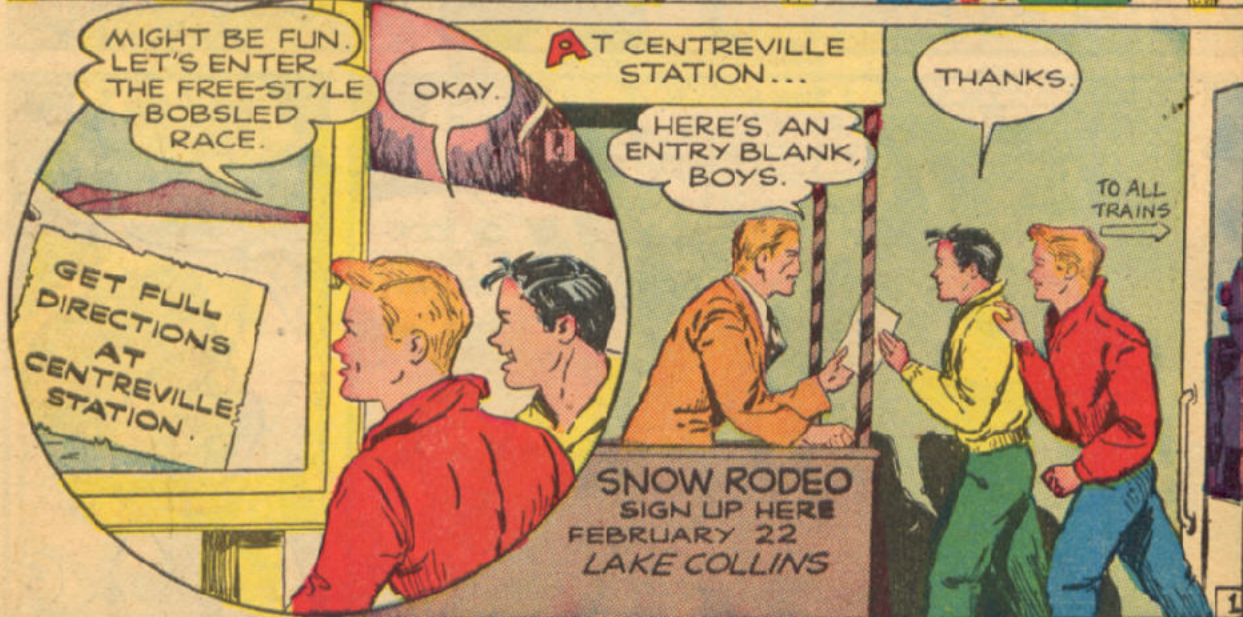
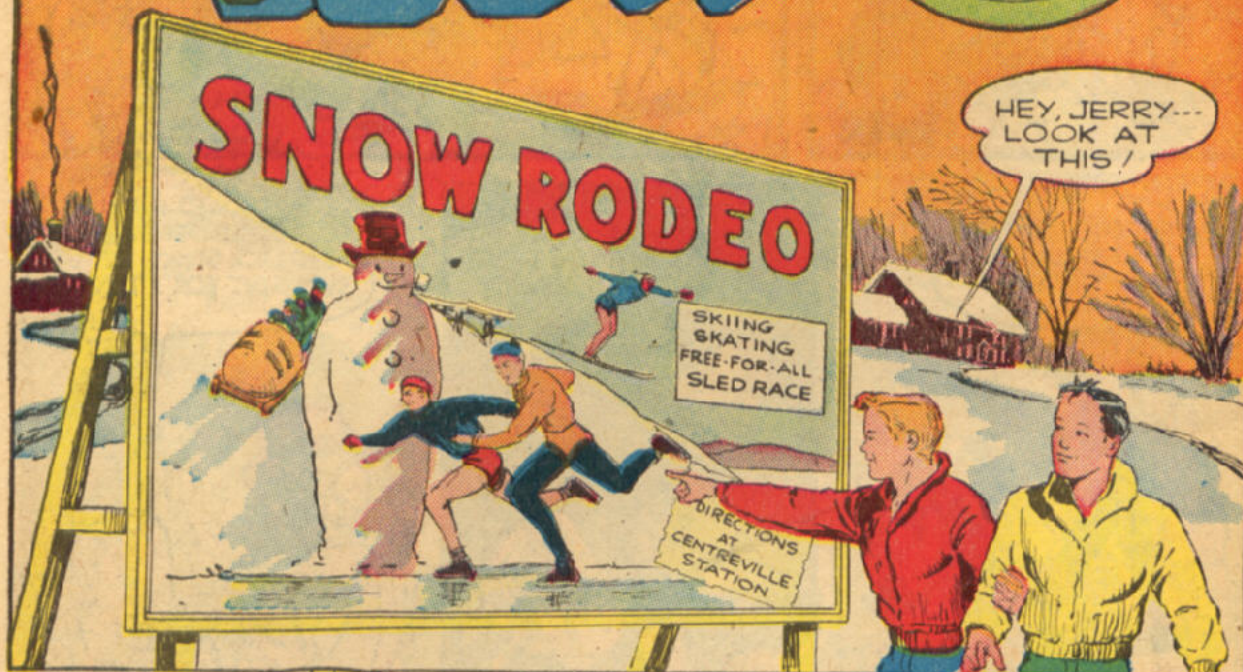
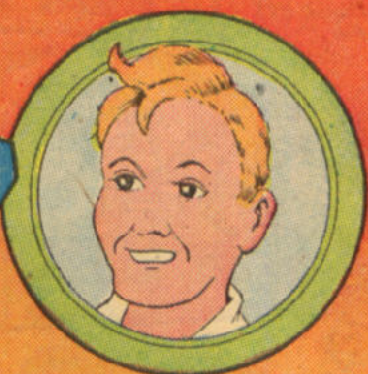


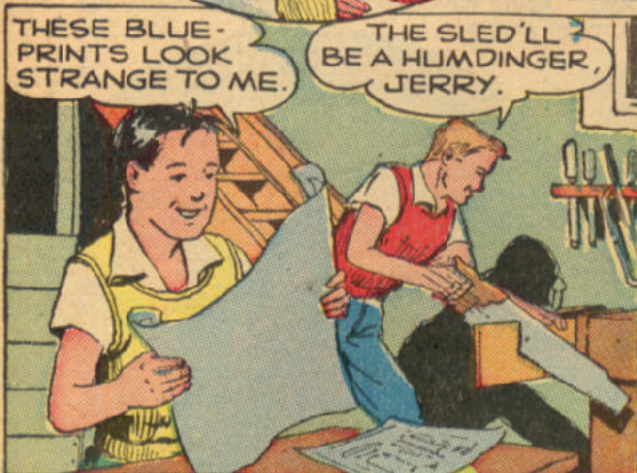
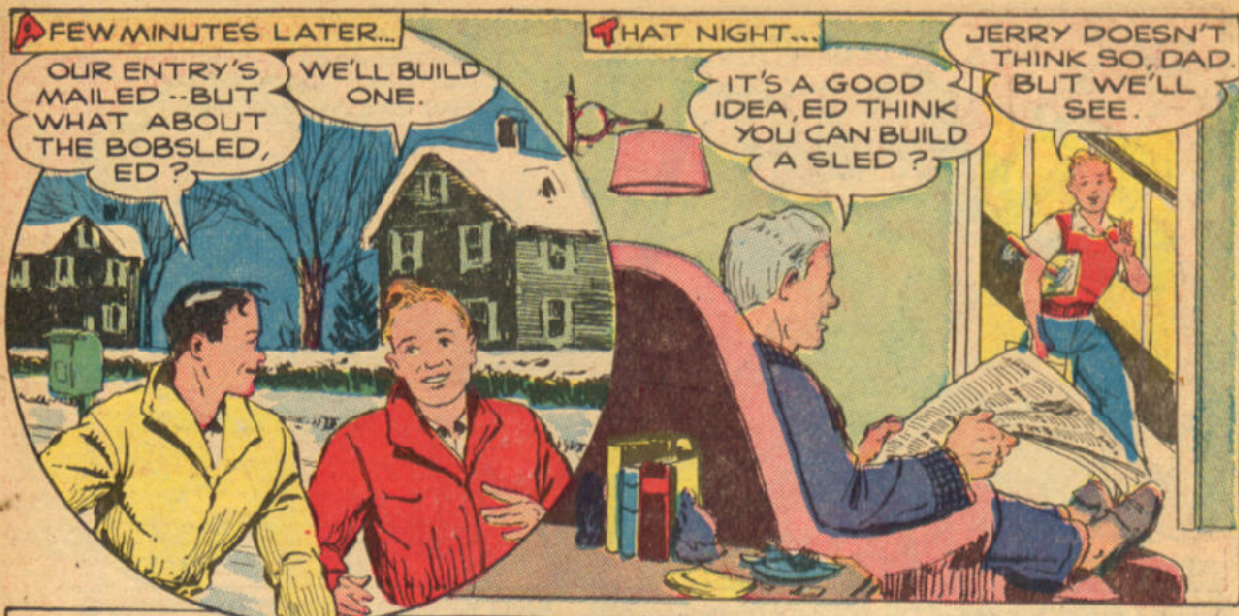


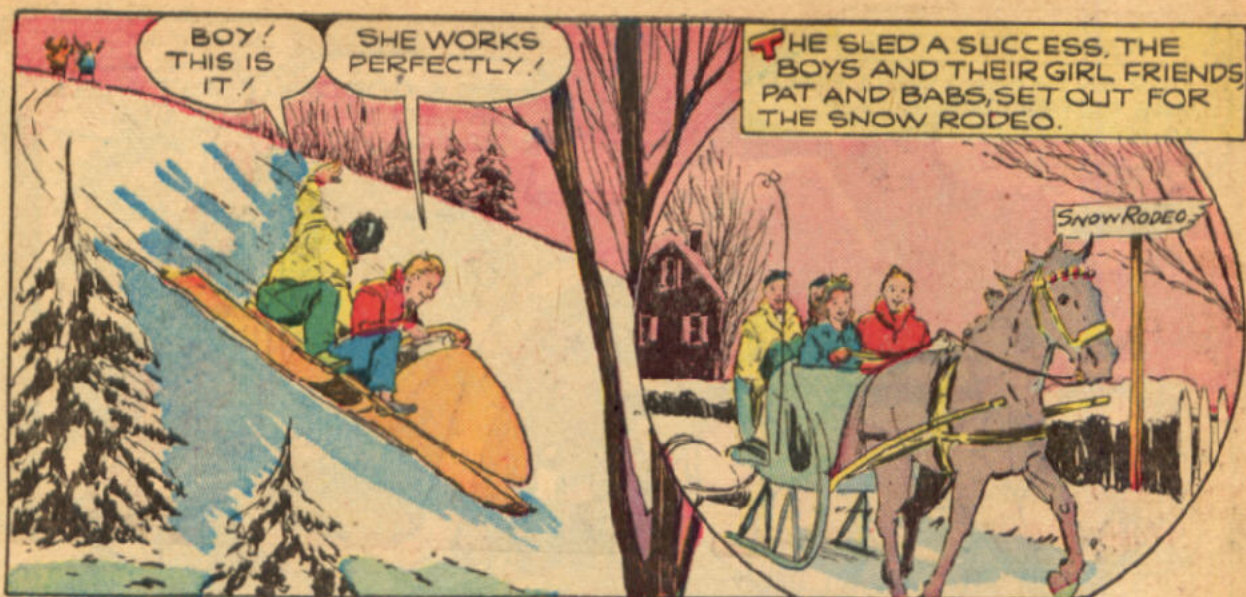




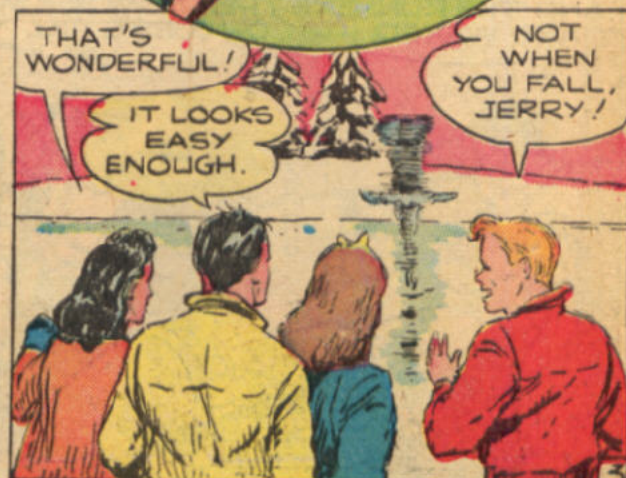
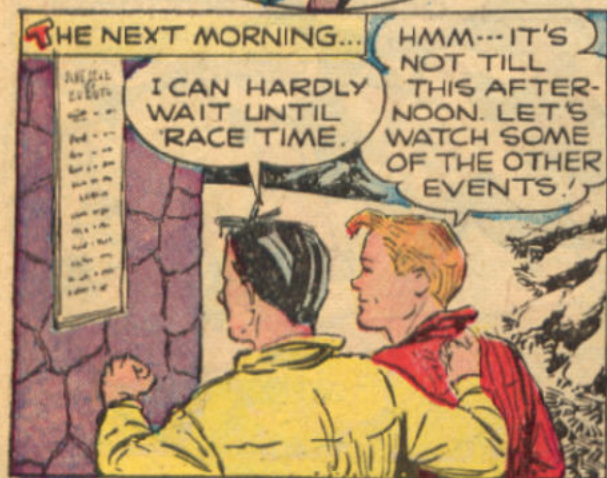
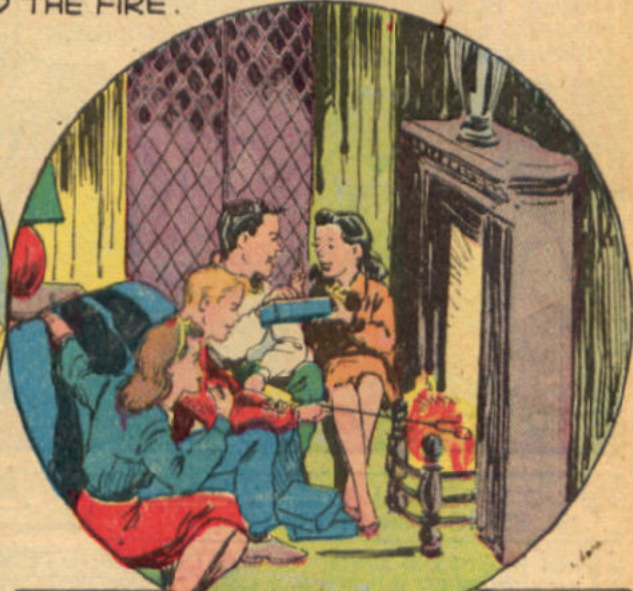
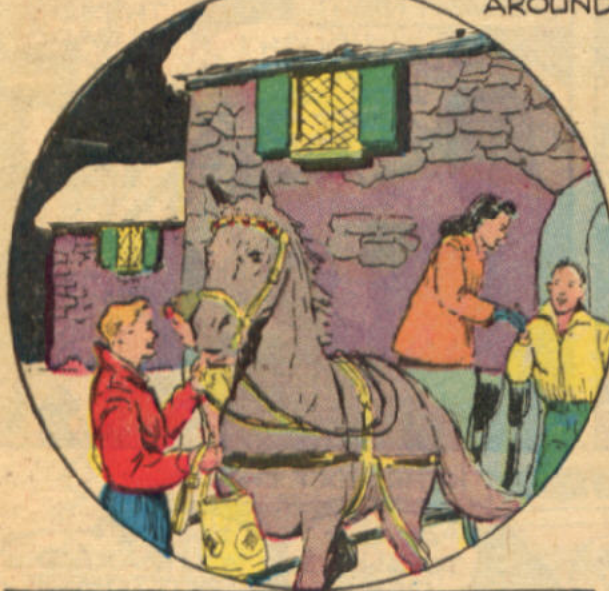
Edison Bell







THEY ARRIVE AT THE MOUNTAIN LODGE...AND SPEND A QUIET EVENING AROUND THE FIRE.





LAST EVENT OF THE MORNING IS THE PROFESSIONAL BOBSLED RUN.



RACE TIME...

HERE WE GO!

ALL SET. CHECK!

HALFWAY DOWN THE COURSE.....

WHOA! TROUBLE AHEAD! THAT KID'S MAKING RIGHT INTO OUR PATH.



HEY! LOOK OUT! YOU'RE GOING OFF THE COURSE!

HAVE TO. CAN'T RISK HITTING THE CHILD.



QUESTION No. 18. Use a word in Picture 5 to complete: "_____ before you leap."

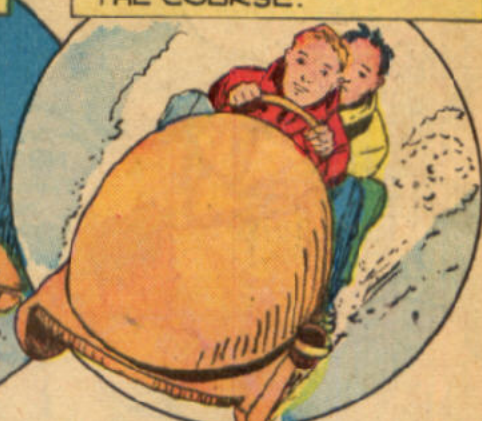
EDISON STEERS THE
SLED OFF COURSE...



THROUGH CLUMPS
OF BUSHES.....



AND FINALLY REGAINS
THE COURSE.



NOT
BAD!

WE MADE IT,
JERRY, EVEN IF
WE DIDN'T WIN!

AND THE
CHILD'S
SAFE!



AND NOW A
SPECIAL AWARD!

I WONDER
WHOM THAT'S
FOR?

SH! SH!



TO EDISON BELL AND HIS
TEAM MATE, TRUE SPORTSMEN,
WHO FINISHED THE RACE IN
SPITE OF AN UNFORSEEN
OBSTACLE, THE COMMITTEE
GIVES THIS SPECIAL
AWARD.



HOMeward BOUND...

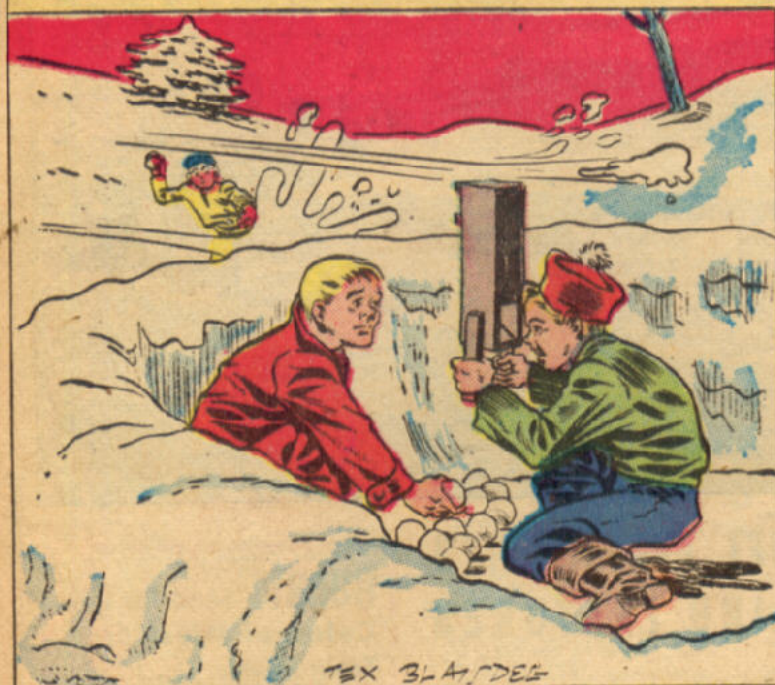
THAT CLIP WILL
LOOK GREAT
IN OUR WORK-
ROOM, JERRY!

WHAT A DAY...
AND WHAT A
RACE!



THIS SNOW Periscope

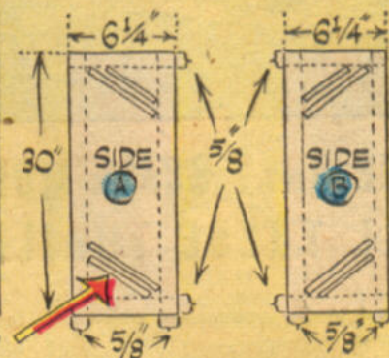
LETS YOU DIRECT THE FIRE FROM YOUR SNOW FORT WITH-
OUT EXPOSING YOURSELF TO THE ENEMY.



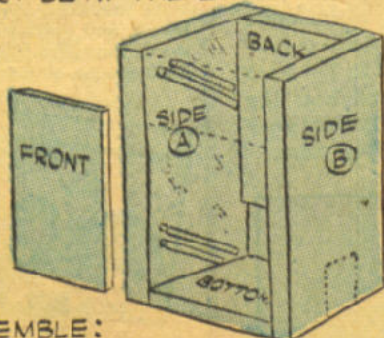
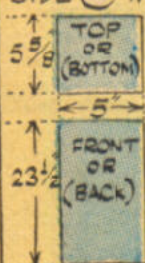
TEX BLADES

THE LIGHTER THE WOOD
USED, THE EASIER TO HANDLE..
 $\frac{5}{8}$ " BOARDS SHOULD BE SAT-
ISFACTORY.

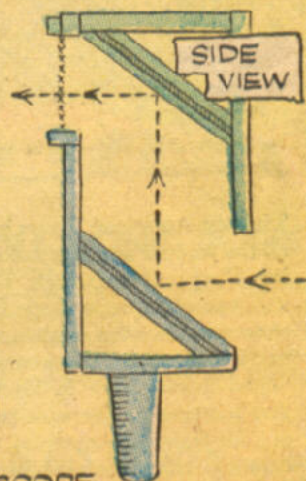
THE MIRRORS MUST BE
BOUGHT FIRST, AS THE PERI-
SCOPE MUST BE BUILT TO
FIT THE SIZE OF THE RE-
FLECTORS. HERE WE HAVE
USED METAL-FRAMED 5×6 "
MIRRORS. IF YOUR MIRRORS
ARE A DIFFERENT SIZE, ALTER
THE DIMENSIONS ACCORDINGLY.



MAKE THE MIRROR BRACES OUT OF CIGAR-BOX WOOD
AND FASTEN THEM DOWN WITH BRADS... THEY MUST BE
AT AN ANGLE OF 45° AND EXACTLY PARALLEL TO EACH OTHER. ALSO THE STRIPS ON
SIDE (A) MUST BE AT THE EXACT HEIGHT AS THE STRIPS ON SIDE (B).



CUT THE SCREEN
TO FIT THE FRONT
OPENING AND FASTEN
WITH NARROW STRIPS
OF WOOD AND BRADS.



TO ASSEMBLE:

- ① NAIL SIDES TO EDGES OF
FRONT AND BACK. ② INSERT
MIRRORS. ③ ATTACH TOP
AND BOTTOM. ④ ADD
THE HANDLES. ⑤ COVER
FRONT PORTHOLE WITH
SCREEN TO KEEP OUT SNOWBALLS.

PAINT THE 'SCOPE
WHITE TO RENDER IT INVISIBLE...



AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

SEE 'EM PUFF SMOKE!
HEAR 'EM "CHOO-CHOO"



Lower train—No. 4607 Pennsylvania Freight, 21 pieces, 40 1/2" long. Remote Control. Complete with 14 sections of track, making 140" oval—

\$29.95

Top train—No. 4611 New York Central Freight, 23 pieces, 52 3/16" long. Remote Control. Complete with 14 sections of track, making 140" oval—

\$39.95

THE ONLY SCALE MODEL TRAINS WITH ALL THESE THRILLING FEATURES

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- ★ "Choo-choo" sound effects synchronized with train speed
- ★ Realistic 2-rail track—no old-fashioned third rail
- ★ Trains and track built to uniform 3-16" scale
- ★ Spectacular new Electronic Propulsion locomotives
- ★ Billboard whistle—works with any train system

The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. The built-in "choo-choo" reproduces the choo-choo sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uni-

form 3-16" scale, so that your train looks like real—hugs the track like real. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive that assures smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest department or toy store.



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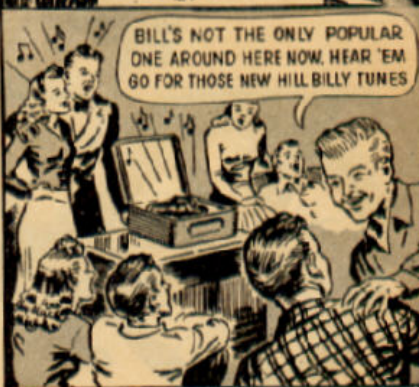
GEE! BILL'S POPULAR SINCE HE GOT THOSE HOME FOLKS AND WESTERN RECORDS

WHERE DID HE GET 'EM? I THOUGHT RECORDS WERE SCARCE...

THERE'S ONE PLACE YOU CAN GET REAL HOME FOLKS AND WESTERN RECORDS. IT'S STEWART SALES CO. IN CHICAGO AND THEY DELIVER THEM RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR.



IF IT'S AS EASY AS THAT, I'M GOING TO ORDER SOME AND HAVE FUN TOO!



- Ernest Tubbs
- WALKING THE FLOOR OVER YOU I'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD TO TAKE YOU BACK 79c
 - I WONDER WHY YOU SAID GOODBYE I'LL NEVER CRY OVER YOU 79c
 - RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT 79c
 - I DON'T BLAME YOU YOU WERE ONLY TEASING ME 79c
 - I'M BEGINNING TO FORGET YOU 79c
 - DRIVIN' NAILS IN MY COFFIN FILIPINO BABY 79c
 - ANSWER TO WALKING THE FLOOR OVER YOU 79c
 - YOU'LL WANT ME BACK 79c
 - THOSE SIMPLE THINGS ARE WORTH A MILLION NOW 79c
 - I'M FREE AT LAST 79c
 - YOU WON'T EVER FORGET ME THOUGH THE DAYS WERE ONLY SEVEN 79c
 - HOW CAN I BE SURE THOSE TEARS IN YOUR EYES WERE NOT FOR ME 79c
 - DON'T LOOK NOW BUT YOUR BROKEN HEART IS SHOWING 79c
 - SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED 79c
 - I'LL STEP ASIDE THERE'S GONNA BE SOME CHANGES MADE AROUND HERE 79c
 - SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER TRY ME ONE MORE TIME 79c
 - IT'S BEEN SO LONG DARLIN' CARELESS DARLIN' 79c
 - Roy Acutt
 - GREAT SPECKLE BIRD MY MOUNTAIN HOME SWEET HOME 63c
 - GREAT SPECKLE BIRD NO. 2 TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE 63c
 - WABASH CANNON BALL FREIGHT TRAIN BOOGIE 63c
 - TENNESSEE CENTRAL JOLE BLON 63c
 - PO' FOLKS THERE'S A BIG ROCK IN THE ROAD 63c
 - Delmore Brothers
 - HILLBILLY BOOGIE I'M SORRY I CAUSED YOU TO CRY 79c
 - Charlie Linville
 - TEXAS BOOGIE THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG 79c
 - Delmore Brothers
 - FREIGHT TRAIN BOOGIE SOMEBODY ELSE'S DARLING 79c
 - BOOGIE WOOGIE BABY BORN TO BE BLUE 79c
 - Hank Penny
 - PENNY BLOWS HIT TOP BOOGIE LOCKED OUT 79c
 - Tex Williams
 - SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE ROUND UP POLKA 63c
 - LEAF OF LOVE CALIFORNIA POLKA 63c
 - Red Engel & Cindeella Stump
 - I LOVE YOU FOR 70 MENTAL REASONS TEMPTATION 79c
 - Tex Ritter
 - SOMEONE I'VE DONE THE BEST I COULD 63c

- THERE'S A NEW MOON OVER MY SHOULDER 63c
- I AM WASTING MY TEARS ON YOU 63c
- JEALOUS HEART WE LIVE IN TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS 63c
- GREEN GROW THE LILACS YOU TWO-TIMED ME ONE TIME TOO 63c
- OFTEN WHEN YOU LEAVE DON'T SLAM THE DOOR 63c
- HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY 63c
- LOVE ME NOW FROM NOW ON 63c
- BATS IN YOUR BELFRY THE LAST MILE 63c
- Southern Jay Quartet
- MY LABOR WILL BE O'ER I'M A DEBTOR I KNOW 79c
- HE SET ME FREE THERE'S A LITTLE LOG CABIN 79c
- Thomas Family
- FARTHER ALONG I CAN'T SIT DOWN 63c
- BETTER GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND PRAY 63c
- I AIN'T GONNA STUDY WAR NO MORE 63c
- Bradley Kincaid
- LEGEND OF THE ROBINS RED BREAST BLUE TAIL FLY 79c
- FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW THOSE PRECIOUS LOVE LETTERS 79c
- Grandpa Jones
- IT'S RAINING HERE THIS MORNING I'LL BE AROUND IF YOU NEED ME 79c
- THERE'S A GRAVE IN THE WAVE OF THE OCEAN 79c
- I'LL NEVER LOSE THAT LONELINESS FOR YOU 79c
- STEPPIN' OUT KIND YOU'LL BE LONESOME TOO 79c
- DON'T SWEET TALK ME MAYBE YOU WILL MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE 79c
- I'VE BEEN ALL AROUND THIS WORLD OUR WORLDS ARE NOT THE SAME 79c
- EIGHT MORE MILES TO LOUISVILLE TEARS THAT MAKE BELIEVE 79c
- EAST BOUND FREIGHT TRAIN GET THINGS READY FOR ME, MA 79c
- HEART STEALIN' MAMA DARLING WON'T YOU LOVE ME NOW 79c
- RIDIN' ON THAT TRAIN ARE THERE TEARS BEHIND YOUR SMILE 79c
- GET BACK ON THE GLORY ROAD SHE'S GONE AND LEFT ANOTHER BROKEN HEART 79c
- MOUNTAIN DEW MY DARLING'S NOT MY DARLING ANYMORE 79c
- DEEP DELTA BLUES (Denver Darling) JUKE JOINT MAMA 79c
- THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK OH, I MISS YOU (Pete Cassell) 79c
- Foy Willing
- COOL WATER HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY 79c
- Johanny Bond & The Red River Boys
- IT'S A SIN DAUGHTER OF JOLE BLON 63c

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